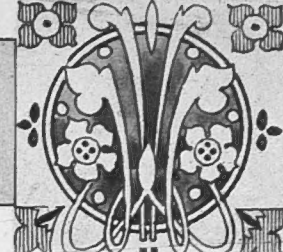


THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1625—Vol. CXXV.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 19, 1924.

ONE SHILLING.



A ROYAL HUSSAR: THE CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA IN THE UNIFORM OF HER OWN REGIMENT.

The Crown Princess of Roumania is one of the most beautiful of the picturesque royalties of the Balkan States. She is the wife of the elder son of the King and Queen of Roumania, and is the elder daughter of ex-King Constantine of Greece. She was married in March 1921, and has a small son, Prince Mihai (Michael). The

Crown Princess of Roumania is shown in the uniform of her own regiment, the 9th Hussars. The royal houses of Roumania, Greece, and Yugo-Slavia are closely allied by marriage, for the sisters of the Crown Prince of Roumania are the Queens of Yugo-Slavia and of Greece.—[*Photograph by Julietta.*]

AT RED FARM, EAST KNOYLE: THE SOUTH AND



MISS DARRELL, Mlle. PETIT, HON MRS. COOPER, DUCHESS OF HAMILTON, MR. HARDY, MISS BAIRD, DUKE OF HAMILTON, MR HUNT, MR. BELL, CAPT. COOPER



WATCHING THE RACES: LADY FLORA POORE, THE HON. MRS. COOPER, AND MISS DARRELL.



TWO OF THE MANY RACE-GOERS: CAPTAIN FRANCE AND LADY MAINWARING.



WITH LIEUT.-COMMANDER GORDON-STEELE, V.C., R.N.: MISS HIRST.



TWO WELL-KNOWN SPORTSWOMEN: MISS NANCY PAULL (L.) AND HER SISTER, MISS AILEEN PAULL.

The South and West Wilts Hunt Point-to-Point Meeting was held recently at Red Farm, East Knoyle, near Semley, Wilts, and was well attended. Considerable interest was aroused by the Ladies' Race, which was won by Benita Lady Lees, on her Rouge-et-Noir. Benita Lady Lees is the widow of the second Baronet, and is the elder daughter of Sir Harold Pelly, fourth Baronet. Her younger sister is Lady Lees, the wife of Sir John Lees D.S.O., M.C., third Baronet, who succeeded his brother in 1915.—The Duke and Duchess of Hamilton came over from Ferne to

WEST WILTS HUNT POINT-TO-POINT MEETING.



MISS HOLMES À COURT, MRS. WILSON, MISS HARGREAVES, CAPT. O'CALLAGHAN, MRS. GOUGH, MISS N. PAULL, AND MRS. MANGER.



THE WINNER OF THE LADIES' RACE: BENITA LADY LEES WITH ROUGE-ET-NOIR.



A COMPETITOR IN THE LADIES' RACE: LADY JEAN HAMILTON, WITH MISS DARRELL (L.).



LADY LEES, MISS LEES, AND MISS POORE: A GROUP AT EAST KNOYLE.



WITH COLONEL ADAMS: MISS BLACKBURN.

the meeting. Lady Jean Hamilton is their eldest daughter, and is a keen horsewoman; and Lady Flora Poore is the youngest of the Duke of Hamilton's three sisters.—Lady Mainwaring is the beautiful wife of Sir Harry Stapleton Mainwaring, and is the daughter of Sir Richard Williams-Bulkeley, twelfth Baronet.—Miss Nancy and Miss Aileen Paull are keen sportswomen, and are fine golfers, as well as popular figures in racing society.—[Photographs by B.I., Alfieri, T.P.A., P.I.C., and C.N.]



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")

INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND.-

TO-DAY'S TALK ON THE WAY TO ROME.

DON'T believe them when they tell you there is any difficulty about going to Rome. There isn't. I am doing it now.

I have always wanted to go to Rome. I don't quite know why, unless in a spirit of revenge. I suffered a good deal from Rome and the Romans in my early youth.

Anyway, they'll be sorry to-morrow.

To get back to these difficulties. Whenever I talked about going to Rome, somebody raised an objection. If the time was summer, they said it would be too hot for comfort; and if it was winter or spring or autumn, they said all the boats and trains and hotels would be overcrowded.

So I have chosen the ideal time—the early spring.

Yesterday, when I started, was a Monday. I awoke to find a bright morning, with a smooth sea, and the wind blowing from the north. My passport being in order, it seemed to me the right moment to start for Rome.

Opening the window, I hailed a taxi-driver.

"I want to go to Rome," I said.

"Certainly, Sir," he replied.

"Can you do anything to help?"

"Yes, Sir. I can take you as far as Newhaven Harbour. What time would you like to push off?"

We pushed off at ten-thirty, and reached Newhaven—a pretty place on the South Coast, not far from Peacehaven—about eleven.

It was cold. A French sailor kindly placed a chair for me in a passage.

I said, "What's that for?"

He said, "Siddown."

"Not on your life," I told him. "I hate sitting in passages, especially on a very cold day in February. Besides all that, I have a lady with me. Are all these nice little cabins taken?"

The sailor rushed off in a state of great excitement to fetch the steward. The steward said he had a double cabin, but it would be "trente shilling." I managed to produce "trente shilling," and immediately went to sleep in a delightfully warm and cosy little room. The boat rocked a little, but I thought of the cradle in the tree-tops, and slept all the more soundly.

Soon we were at Dieppe. Well, Dieppe to Paris is nothing. Just a cup of tea. The supreme kindness occurred when I got to Paris.

I was preparing to leave the train

when the conductor said, "You going to Gare de Lyon?" I said "Oui, yes, that is so."

"You stop where you are," he told me, "and we take you round in your compartment."

Of course, I thought he was drunk, but

I stayed in the compartment to see what would happen. And thus, the only two passengers, we made the grand circle of Paris, and arrived at the Gare de Lyon. A most interesting and restful experience.

The train for Rome did not start till ten, so we dined in comfort. An interpreter approached me and started the old story. He said I should never get a seat, and, if I did, I should have to sit bolt upright for two nights.

I told him he was a fool, but I now think I was wrong. Passing over that delicate point, I left for Rome, no previous preparations having been made, in a charming little suite consisting of a sitting-room, bedroom, and a place to wash. I am

not in it at the moment because at Turin I changed into an even better one.

But that is not a matter for discussion. It is between me, the conductor, and his Father Confessor.

This morning we passed through the world-famous Mont Cenis tunnel. I should like to tell you how long it took to hew this tunnel from the solid rock, how much it cost, and so forth. But I can't. The truth is I know nothing authoritative about the Mont Cenis tunnel except that, swiftly as an Italian waiter can serve a meal in a railway restaurant-car, it occupied three courses to get through the Mont Cenis.

That ought to impress you as to the length of the tunnel. I don't suppose it will, for the simple reason that nobody ever is impressed by the travel experiences of other people. A man will talk all day about a walk he went from Reigate to Redhill; but if you begin to describe how you were once lost in the Grand Canyon of Arizona, he will yawn, tap the table with his fingers, and breathe a deep sigh of relief when he perceives his turn to continue the conversation coming round the corner.

The Mont Cenis, therefore, is behind us. We are now passing through a large number of smaller tunnels unknown to fame.

Experienced travellers by this line wear gloves all the time. When they go along to the diner, for example, they wear gloves but no hat. I thought this was mere affection, but again I was wrong. If you reflect on the matter, how can you keep a train clean that spends so many hours in tunnels? When you go to Rome, take a pair of old gloves for the train.

We are now stopping at every station. Nobody gets in or out, but we seldom pass a station. I have asked my friend the conductor the reason of this.

"Why not go straight through to Rome?" I suggested.

"No, no! That would not do!" he replied with great emphasis. "If we go straight on, we get you to Roma at four-five in the morning. Too early for the first-class-a! So we stop all the stations, all the time-a, and get you to Rome at eight o'clock!"

He was so delighted with the braininess of this scheme that I had not the heart to complain that at every station one woke up and sprang to attention. Between dinner on the second night and Rome at eight in the morning, I shall wake three hundred and forty-five times. In all other respects it will be a capital night. . . .

The Tiber! The river that Julius Cæsar could not swim—according to Cassius. It looks shallow and muddy, but it is the Tiber! . . .



AT THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS POINT-TO-POINT: MRS. MAXWELL AND MR. GEORGE CORNWALLIS-WEST.

The South and West Wilts Point-to-Point Meeting was held at East Knoyle, Wilts. Other photographs of the event will be found elsewhere in this issue.—[Photograph by T.P.A.]



MAJOR BROOKE, MISS DRABBLE, AND MISS TONGUE (L. TO R.): A TRIO OF SPECTATORS AT THE SOUTH AND WEST WILTS POINT-TO-POINT RACES.

Photograph by T.P.A.

In the distance, the dome of St. Peter's. The conductor is now very excited. He is a Roman, and his wife is in Paris.

I must collect my traps. But you see how very easy it is to go to Rome if you choose a fine morning.

'Varsity 'Chasing at Grafham: Cambridge United Hunts.



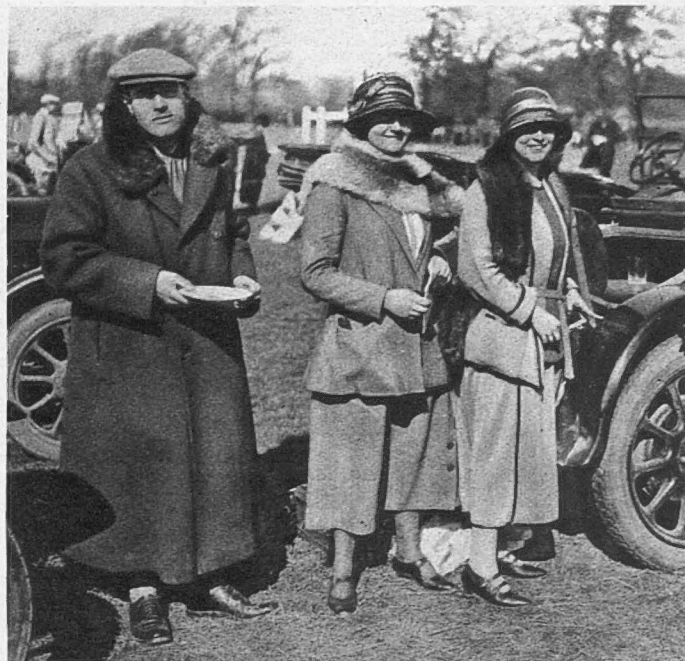
MR. MCGAW, LIEUT.-COL. BARKLEY, MR. WILLIAMSON, MISS WADDINGTON, MISS HOPE-JOHNSTONE, MR. WADDINGTON, MR. SWINBURNE, AND MR. WILLIAMS.



MISS STOBART, MISS JOLIFFE, MISS TOOGOOD, AND MRS. JOHN WINTER.



MRS. WATT, MISS WATT, AND MRS. BEVAN McHEATH.



MR. DANIELL, MISS HOOD, AND MRS. DANIELL.



WITH LADY PETERSHAM: MR. W. SEELY.

The Cambridge University United Hunts held their Point-to-Point meeting at Grafham, near Huntingdon. A good number of people assembled to see the racing, and there were one or two nasty "spills."

Mr. W. E. Seely rode his Soldier Boy to victory in the University Heavy-Weight Race. Lady Petersham, with whom he is shown, is the wife of Lord Petersham, son of the ninth Earl of Harrington.

Photographs by Alfieri.

MARIEGOLD IN SOCIETY.

WE are threatened with a new social revolution in the coming season, I hear. No one, however, need feel alarmed, for recent political events have taught even the most nervous that it is safe to discount revolutionary threats! They are apt to grow into pale shadows of themselves when those who have uttered them really get a chance of translating such views into the realm of fact; for, after all, "Saki" knew the temper of his countrymen very

midnight is worth two after," gave unwitting birth to the scheme. "For," argued my mathematical-minded informant, "if we leave our dinners or dinner-parties at about ten, and make straight for bed and sleep till twelve, we shall have earned four good hours' activity once midnight has struck." The system doesn't sound a very comfortable one to me; but, as I said before, I don't believe any more in British revolutionaries.

But, to return to the world of fact from that of inventive fantasy, we have been dancing in Lent very merrily. Lady Dallas' ball at the beginning of last week was a great success. She had collected some of the leaders of eligible bachelordom for the occasion—Lord Balmiel, Lord Dunglass, Lord Ockham, Lord Glenconner, Lord Cottenham, and Mr. Ian Burn—in honour of her niece, Miss Rhona Lloyd Mostyn, for whom the dance was given.

Miss Lloyd Mostyn looked very charming in a pink-and-silver dress. Lady Dallas herself was wearing that lovely shade of green that the fashion experts have been trying so hard to condemn, but which, like the Phoenix, is rising triumphant from its own ashes, and spreading even more brilliant plumage. My metaphor is not mixed, as it literally is plumage at times; for on the night in question there was one green dress heavily flounced with green marabout that nearly touched the ground all round.

Apropos of touching the ground all round, Miss Gladys Cooper's skirts in "Diplomacy" have retreated quite to the other extreme, and they, as we all know, are Fashion's latest and most prophetic efforts. In fact, Gladys Cooper complained that her visit to Paris consisted of one long fit—the modistic kind, not the apoplectic. But she certainly reaps her reward, for she has never looked more lovely.

But to return to the subject of dances: music has come in for a good deal of discussion, as some ardent souls have been attempting to bring back string orchestras. In spite of this move towards quieter ball-rooms, popular bands continue to include the banjo, which gives rhythm as no other instrument does; while the saxophone is almost inevitable. Brass noises and trick "stunts" are, however, being done away with; but I have heard a famous conductor remark, "I would play soft, sentimental music, but the chatter is so loud that we have to keep above it, or the dancers would drown the band!"

And now for "announced" balls. Mrs. Norman Lampson and Mrs. Locker Lampson had so many friends to ask that they are having another dance on the 26th, in addition to their Wednesday night festivity, for Miss Felicity Locker Lampson. Then there is Lady Evelyn Guinness' party at 11, Grosvenor Place, at which it is quite likely that Princess Mary will be present, as Royalty usually honour Lady Evelyn. Another smart and rather more "secret" affair will be the dance arranged by Lady Ancaster for a date not so very far off, when two very popular young men have promised to attend.

And the sunshine last week, wasn't it lovely? It set us all buying spring hats, and visiting dress shows, and dashing off to Brighton to be dazzled by the brilliance of blue sea and sky. Prince George is one of the frequent visitors to London-by-the-Sea. He goes out with a couple of friends, and is very fond of trying the amusements on the pier, and generally enjoying his incognito. By the way, it is quite "the thing" to be a pier visitor if one goes to Brighton, and to try all the competitions and enjoy the delights of every kind of penny-in-the-slot affair. Even the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough are recent patrons of the photographic studio which provides various comic settings for its clients, so don't get excited if you see a picture of his and her Grace apparently driving an aeroplane, for it is not a real one! On the contrary, however, if you see a snap of Miss Elsie Mackay as a pilot, that is quite a "true bill," for she really has her own aeroplane.

But the event of last week was the Cheltenham 'Chasing Meeting. It was a tremendous success this year, held in the sunniest of spring weather, with top-hole racing and plenty of exciting finishes to thrill the crowd, which was so enormous that you could hardly move about or find your nearest and dearest friends unless you were banged up against them by the tide! A real Aintree squash it was, and one had very little chance



1. Angela is quite exhausted by her efforts to keep up with the vagaries of fashion, so she has now invented a new dress—"The Mutability"—which she can adjust to any fashion and make the sleeves and the skirt long or short at a moment's notice.

well when he remarked, "In England we don't go to extremes—we go to the Albert Hall."

But to return to the latest revolt. A few nights ago, I was introduced to the determined nucleus of a revolutionary band of young men and maidens who state that they are going to adopt firm measures to prevent the hopeless overcrowding of private dances this season. We are far from the season yet; but even the Lenten "hops" (which bury their heads in the sand of non-publicity, and quite forget their unwieldy bulk, which all may see), have been bounces rather than balls; and there have been the usual painful misunderstandings between punctilious young women standing at the ball-room door and their well-intentioned, perspiring partners wedged in a solid mass of humanity at the foot of the stairs—misunderstandings which have been known to jeopardise some of the best-laid of matrimonial schemes.

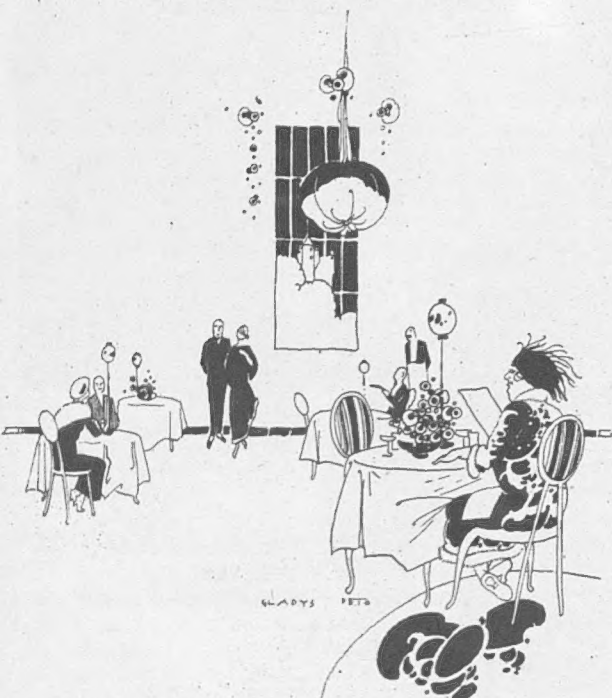
This enterprising band of pioneers intend in future to arrive bland and fresh at the season's balls at about 1 a.m., just as dowagers and non-members of the union are preparing—replete with supper—to gather up their wraps and take their leave. The newcomers will then seize the empty floor and proceed to make night hideous—for the guilty hostess—with vivacious and untimely energy. It was an old-fashioned parent who, harping on that antediluvian theory that "one hour of sleep before



2. "The Mutability" is an enormous success. One can alter its whole shape in a second behind a tree in the Park, for example, if one finds that the frocks of the other promenaders are more smart than one's own.

of examining the smart spring hats and turn-outs sported by the *chic* young things in the paddock and members' stands.

The chief event of the meeting was the National Hunt 'Chase for horses not having won a race under N.H.R. This is the coveted prize of all amateurs, and this year was won by a really typical hunter, Patsy V. (a hero of several point-to-points and local races), ridden by his owner, Mr. Lemon, a member of the Bar, who won the race sixteen years ago. Peter the Piper was ridden by the veteran gentleman rider, Percy Whitaker, who also won the race years ago on the famous



3. In the distance in this picture one perceives Angela and an escort entering a restaurant for lunch, "The Mutability" arranged in a very becoming manner.

Rory O'More. Peter the Piper is fancied by some as an "outside chance" at Liverpool. He was heavily backed at Cheltenham, and most of us expected to see him win there.

But to return to the people. Lord Londesborough was present to see his Dudley win the Grand Annual 'Chase, ridden by our crack gentleman jockey, Harry Brown, who is, one hears, to ride Major Dewhurst's National favourite, Conjuror II., in the great race at Aintree. This grand horse won his first big race at Cheltenham two years ago, ridden by young Peter Dewhurst.

As we fought and struggled to and from the paddock in the crowds, I caught glimpses of dozens of well-known hunting and racing folk, young and old. M.F.H.s turned up in great numbers, hunting being stopped in so many parts. Lord and Lady Chesham (how well she looks in trim tailor-made racing kit), Lord Portarlington, Lord Blandford, Lord Ebrington, Lady Diana Somerset, Lady St. Germans, Lord Dalmeny, and Colonel and Mrs. Alan Spencer (she was very smart, as usual) were among the hordes of well-known sporting people about. Mrs. Brassey brought her cousin, Lady Ursula Grosvenor (who is one of the latest "victims" of the shingling craze, by the way); and I saw Lady Irene Curzon, Captain Sherrard (who rode his Little Christy, a horse which he bought from the Prince of Wales), and Lord Westmorland, who has had such a successful first season's 'chasing. "Burghie," as he is still called, trained his horses himself, and has won a lot of races, so has every reason to be satisfied with life.

Among my other town activities has been another visit to the Garden Club, which, with its walls of eggshell-blue, its flowery

cretonnes, landscape paintings, and grass-green, "swardy" carpets, is living up to its rustic and umbrageous title. A very charming club it is proving to be—with excellent cuisine, too; but it does make one wonder, in these days of restricted labour and small families, what the Leconfields ever did with fifty bed-rooms!

And, talking of the change from spacious days to our era, what a brilliant scheme it is—for someone—to turn the unused mansions of Carlton House Terrace into "maisonnettes" which are to be let at yearly rentals that surely rival the prices those fine old palaces ever themselves fetched whole. The more one considers it, the more true it seems to be that this is not so much an age of economy as of "concentrated luxury," as someone said the other day. It's an admirable phrase that, "concentrated luxury," and seems to fit a good many features of our modern life. Dancing at the Embassy, for instance; and most of the modern films; and all the newest novels that don't aspire to the extreme other definition of concentrated sordidness; the evening dress of 1924, that consists of a very few yards of, oh, such priceless gem-laden tissue or brocade; and even the newest pearl necklace, that almost strangles its wearer, so abbreviated is it in length. And when on the subject of these "Lely pearl" necklaces, have you heard the story of the smart young married woman who had a perfect beauty? It was as tight as tight, and made of vast pearls, which were marvellous in lustre, and just as decorative as if they had been "true"; but she has had to leave off wearing it, as after she visited the kitchen with her new adornment, she found the weekly books went up 100 per cent., and she couldn't explain to cook that sham pearls are *chic* this year!

Hien-dze, Pang-dze, i pang lo, ku, and Pan-kou—no; this is not a new Mah-Jongg set, nor yet the names of Generals in the latest Chinese rebellion, but merely a list of the instruments used at the third Goossens Chamber Concert at the Æolian Hall in the "Chinese Comedy Song" in Cantonese dialect, dealing with the humorous side of the rowing of a boat at night. It was produced in England for the first time, and was distinctly interesting. Miss Dorothea Webb was the vocalist; and besides this there was "The Mohawk Indian Invocation to the Great Spirit; A Matabele Love Song" (with Zulu marimba); but, strange to say, the only one which seemed the least bit weird was the Chinese song. The Moderns have broken us in so well that the Mohawk song sounded almost classical, and the Matabele one quite ordinary!

The first part of the programme was devoted to songs (Miss Dorothea Webb being the vocalist) both ancient and modern, including "Earth's Call," by John Ireland, which he accompanied himself, and a charming new thing by Eugène Goossens called "Tea-Time," with French words by G. Jean-Aubry. For this Mr. Goossens made his only appearance on the platform, elegant as ever, to accompany Miss Webb. Then came a Mozart quintet, in which that divine oboe-player Leon Goossens took a leading part.

The hall was not as full as it might be, but the audience was both interesting and interested. I saw Mrs. Goossens in a large black felt hat, under which her closely shingled hair could be seen. Another person I noticed was "Stephen Hudson," whose new work, "Tony," is just out. It is a very able and unpleasant book, and its sub-title should be "The Autobiography of a Most Unpleasant Scoundrel."

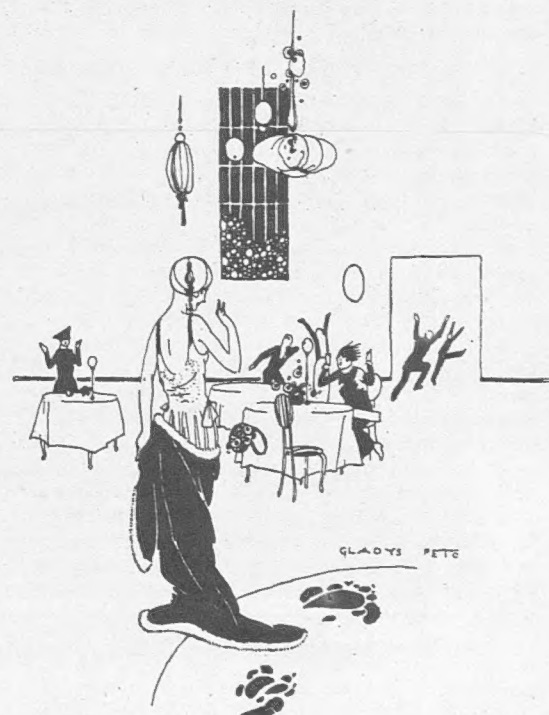
I enjoyed the subtle compliment Lord Curzon paid us when he opened the Architecture Club's Exhibition at Grosvenor House. As a rule, illustrious folk aren't really a success as openers, for all they do by way of speech is to broadcast a few unconsidered

trifles. But Lord Curzon had taken the trouble to think about his subject and to say both eloquently and gracefully his ideas on English architecture. "Beautiful," Lady Curzon murmured as he sat down, and his oration well deserved her praise.

He was amusing as well as provocative of thought, and we all laughed at his labelling the Admiralty building "the Nadir of Mediocrity," and at his denunciations of the Albert Memorial, the country cottage, and the villa. Lady Curzon was looking extremely well, very happy and vivid, and wore a very good all-black outfit—broadtail coat, black georgette dress, and a small hat with a becoming brim—one of those new brims which turn up from the face and widen at the sides. Lady Maud Warrender was another of the all-black brigade, and was also looking very handsome. She tells me she has moved into her new house in Holland Park, and that she has a charming garden, with the trees from Holland House to give an effect of space, and so many birds singing that it isn't hard to believe oneself away in the open country.

Lady Constance Hatch was at the exhibition, and has collected the wonderful models of cathedrals on view there. A jolly exhibition this, perhaps more interesting to the average woman than was last year's show, because there are more interiors and more gardens. "I've learned quite a lot about my friends' interiors," I heard an old lady say contentedly as she came away. Among the interiors you can see the new Nigel Playfair house—or discover just why the mirrors in the glass gallery on Sir Philip Sassoon's Park Lane staircase are so charming and so elusive where the usual mirror is hard. The secret is that they aren't really mirrors, but are made of black glass.

And theatres. There was an interesting first-night audience to welcome "Diplomacy," including Sir Squire Bancroft, who played in the original production, and who wore the largest tie in London. The Duke of Rutland was with Lady Anglesey, who looked prettier and more quaintly charming than ever. She had pinned a diamond bow brooch in her



4. But, unhappily, "The Mutability" chose this moment for arranging itself—and tumbled entirely off! Angela's escort and some other shy men fled from the restaurant, and the whole affair was most unfortunate.

dark hair at each side of her face—a most successful experiment. Ethel Lady Pearson, in rose velvet gown and silver and chinchilla cloak, was also to be seen. MARIEGOLD.

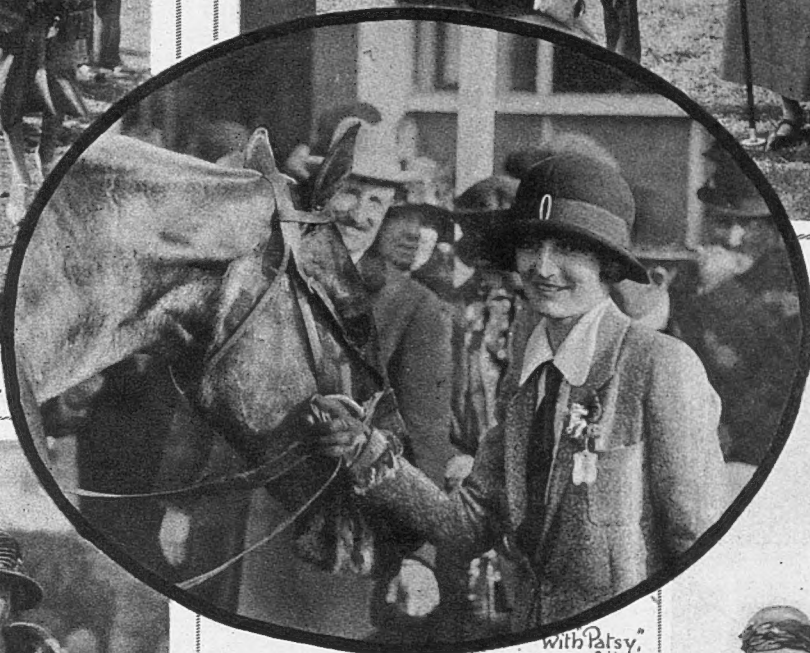
THE NATIONAL HUNT MEETING



Lady Moira Combe, the Hon. Mrs. Garland Emmett, and the Hon. Sylvia Portman.



Lord Ebrington, Miss Nicholas, Lady Ebrington and Lord Stavordale.



With Patsy, the winner of the National Hunt Steeplechase: Mrs. B.B. Lemon.



The Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry & Miss Pamela Coventry (r).



Mrs. Leschallas & friend.



Mrs. Edgar Brassey.

INTERESTING RACING, A RECORD CROWD, AND

The annual National Hunt Meeting was held at Cheltenham in delightful weather, and a record crowd of spectators were present, and witnessed interesting racing. The Hon. Aubrey Hastings is the younger brother of the Earl of Huntingdon, and is well known as a successful trainer.—The Countess of Carlisle is the wife of the eleventh Earl, and is a daughter of the ninth Lord Ruthven.—Lady Hillingdon is the wife of Lord Hillingdon, and is a daughter of the Hon. Lady Meux, and of the late Viscount Chelsea.—Sir William Bass is the second Baronet, and is the husband of Lady Noreen Bass.—The Hon. Mrs. Charles Coventry is the wife of the second son of the Earl of Coventry, and Miss Pamela Coventry is her elder daughter.—Lady Irene Curzon is the eldest daughter of Marquess Curzon.—Lord Manton is the second Baron. His marriage to Miss Alethea Langdale took

SPORTING SOCIETY AT CHELTENHAM.



Lady Irene Curzon & Mr. J. Chaplin.



Miss Neilson
& the Countess of Carlisle.



Sir
William Bass
and Lady
Hillingdon.



The Hon. Aubrey
& Mrs. Hastings.



Capt. de Pret and his fiancée, Miss Garland & friend.



Miss Holtford, Lord & Lady Manton and Miss Langdale.

BRIGHT SUNSHINE: SNAPSHOTS FROM THE COURSE.

place last year.—Lord Ebrington is the son of the Earl of Fortescue, and Lady Ebrington was formerly the Hon. Margaret Beaumont. She is a daughter of the first Viscount Allendale.—Lord Stavordale is the elder son of the Earl of Ilchester.—The engagement of Miss Betty Garland, eldest daughter of the late Mr. C. T. Garland and Mrs. Garland, to Captain J. de Pret, M.C., eldest son of the late Count de Pret-Roose de Calesberg, Château de Vordensteyn, near Antwerp, has just been announced.—Lady Moira Combe is the beautiful elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Clonmell, and the wife of Major Combe, son of Captain Christian and Lady Jane Combe, and grandson of the third Marquess Conyngham.—Mrs. B. B. Lemon is the wife of Mr. B. B. Lemon, who rode his Patsy to victory in the National Hunt Steeplechase—a race for amateur riders only.

At Cheltenham: The National Hunt Race Ball.



MEMBERS OF THE RACE BALL COMMITTEE: LIEUT.-COL. HARFORD, CAPT. F. BALFOUR, MR. F. H. CATHCART (L. TO R., BACK); MR. ALFRED DRAKE, MISS MAUD KELLEY, AND MAJOR G. W. RICHARDS.

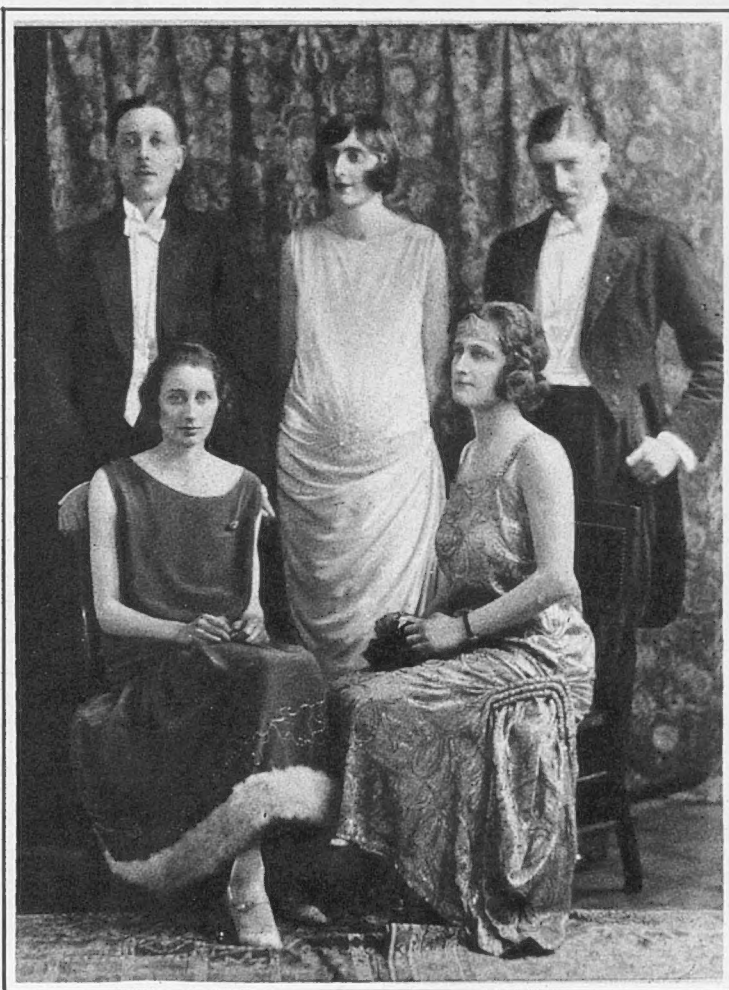


MRS. ALFRED DRAKE'S PARTY: INCLUDING CAPT. F. BALFOUR (LEFT, BACK), MR ALFRED DRAKE AND MR. BALFOUR, OF STAVERTON COURT (FIFTH AND SIXTH AT BACK), MISS GRANT (LEFT, FRONT), MRS. ALFRED DRAKE, MRS. BALFOUR, MISS DRAKE AND MISS EVELYN CURZON (THIRD, FOURTH, FIFTH, AND SIXTH, FRONT).



OF MRS. BERNARD STANDEN'S PARTY: COL. CLARIDGE AND MR. R. CLARIDGE (THIRD AND FOURTH, AT BACK), MRS. BERNARD STANDEN, MISS MOLLY MACK, AND MRS. BRUCE WILLS.

The National Hunt Race Ball was held at the Town Hall, Cheltenham, on March 11, and was a notable success, attended by some four hundred guests. In addition to those shown in the group above, the Ball Committee included Col. Gresson and Mr. Ernest Turner. The National Hunt Steeplechase (of 1000 sovereigns, added to a sweepstake of 10 sovereigns



A GROUP AT THE BALL: MR. FAREBROTHER, MRS. CLIVE BARNETT, MR. BARNETT (AT BACK), MISS DAVEY, AND MRS. ARTHUR DAVEY, OF BECKFORD MANOR.

each), which, as we note elsewhere, was won by Mr. B. B. Lemon's Patsy V., ridden by its owner, is for horses that have never won a race under National Hunt or Jockey Club rules, save at a bona-fide hunt meeting or a point-to-point meeting. Amateurs only can ride in it, and it is very popular among them.—[Photographs by Debenhams, Longman.]

Fay Compton Orientalised – the New Yasmin.



Miss Fay Compton is now playing the rôle of Yasmin in "Hassan," at His Majesty's, and it will come as a surprise to her many admirers to see how she has succeeded in "Orientalising" herself and looking the part of the Eastern houri to perfection, as well as playing it admirably. She wears a long, straight black wig, and her eyes and eyebrows are cleverly made up to suggest the Oriental, while she appears in two "Arabian Nights" dresses, one of which consists of embroidered white satin trousers and a flowing cape-coat. The part of Yasmin was originally played by Miss Cathleen Nesbitt, and Miss Isabel Jeans has also been seen in the rôle.

WITH STRAIGHT BLACK HAIR AND EASTERN TROUSERS: MISS FAY COMPTON AS SHE APPEARS IN "HASSAN."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DOROTHY WILDING, SPECIALLY TAKEN FOR "THE SKETCH."

The Great Coursing Meeting: Waterloo Cup Snapshots.



MISS DENNIS, MISS M. DENNIS, MRS. STANLEY DENNIS,
AND MR. J. DENNIS.



INSPECTING BEADED BESS: MR. W. A. LOWTHER, MR. V.
ROUTLEDGE, THE DUKE OF LEEDS, AND LORD TWEEDMOUTH.



WITH MAJOR H. PEEL: LADY ARTHUR
GROSVENOR.



THE JUDGE: MR. A. E.
BRICE.



WITH WYKEHAM: SIR WOODMAN BURBIDGE
AND MISS SYLVIA BURBIDGE.



LORD DEWAR, MRS. MEYRICK, MRS. BRICE SMITH, MISS MEYRICK,
AND MR. AND MRS. J. MUGLISTON JUN.



MR. PATTERSON MORGAN, MR. CHAMBERS, MRS. GLOVER, MR. H. T. GOLD,
MR. AND MRS. STAINER HUTCHINGS, MISS JACKSON, AND MAJOR JACKSON.

The Waterloo Coursing Meeting is the most important of all dates in the calendar of coursing enthusiasts, and, as usual, there was a large gathering of well-known people for the event. Our snapshots show some of those who were present. Lieutenant-Colonel Lord Tweedmouth, C.M.G., etc., who is the third Baron, is a coursing enthusiast, and so

is the Duke of Leeds.—Sir Woodman Burbidge, second Baronet, succeeded his father, the first holder of the title, in 1917. Miss Sylvia Burbidge is his second daughter.—Lady Arthur Grosvenor is the wife of Lord Arthur Grosvenor, uncle of the Duke of Westminster; and Lord Dewar is the first Baron.

Photographs by T.P.A. and S. and G.

A Family Study.



WITH HER SON: MRS. BISHOP, WIFE OF THE V.C. AIRMAN.

Mrs. Bishop is the wife of Lieutenant-Colonel W. A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. with Bar, M.C., D.F.C., the famous airman who brought down 72 German aeroplanes—this "bag" being the largest officially credited to any British pilot. Lieutenant-Colonel Bishop was born in 1894,

and married Miss Margaret Eaton Burden, daughter of Mr. C. E. Burden, and niece of Colonel Sir John C. Eaton, in 1917. Mrs. Bishop has one small son—Arthur Christian William Avery. This young man is a godson of the Duke of Connaught and of Princess Marie Louise.

Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.



The Clubman.

By Beveren.

A Monte Carlo Trick.

The "bad hats" of the civilised world are supposed to foregather on the Riviera. In nine cases out of ten the people who have never been there before are their easiest prey. It is, indeed, unwise to have much to do with any stranger, no matter how prepossessing, unless he can furnish some clue to an identity that is reliable and respectable.

A friend of mine back from Monte Carlo gave me one instance of simple, successful audacity.

A man put a *mille* note on the red, and walked away to stake more money on another table. Red won. No one touched the 2000 francs. Red won again. This time, the man who had staked the money still being in another part of the Rooms, the croupier drew the 4000 francs out of play. At once a smiling man from Australia claimed the money as his. But he seemed to be known to the Casino people. The croupier also smiled, but shook his head. "I think you have made a mistake," he said. Swiftly the Australian—he was an ingratiating fellow—went to a big, easy-going Englishman with whom once or twice he had passed the time of day. He asked him would he go up and claim this money he had won. "You see," explained the Australian hesitatingly, "my wife has just sat down at that table, and I don't want her to see that I have won all that. You understand."

The Englishman was not keen on doing what he was asked, but the Australian was most plausible. And here came the luck of the crook: the croupier had not seen the real winner put down his preliminary stake. He knew he was right in refusing the Australian, but was ready to give up the money when this obviously honest person claimed the 4000 francs.

A minute after the Englishman had handed over the winnings to the Australian, the real owner turned up. The Englishman felt very foolish indeed. As he said, "it was so difficult to explain; the only thing I could do was to hand over 4000 francs of my own. Fortunately, I had had a lucky evening, and was able to pay out of my own winnings."

The Australian had, of course, disappeared. The whole thing had been done so very quickly, and in such a simple, straightforward fashion.

Miss Gladys Cooper's Short Frocks.

All women who have been to see the revival of "Diplomacy," at the Adelphi Theatre, talk about Miss Gladys Cooper's frocks; more particularly about the fact that she is wearing them short—almost as short as was the fashion two years ago.

Some say that such short dresses do not suit her. Be that as it may, the lady next whom I sat talked most about a fluffy

Destroying the Evidence.

Here is the latest Prohibition story brought over on the *Bevergaria*. Two men were caught drinking. The bottle was seized before all the contents could be consumed. When the men were charged, a witness called by the prosecution was a third man who had seen the arrest, and now identified the bottle. The prosecuting counsel asked this witness if it was whisky that the bottle contained.

"I don't know," was the reply.

"Smell it, then," said counsel, passing the bottle. Again the man replied, "I cannot say if it is whisky."

"Well," went on the prosecuting counsel, "taste it, and tell me, then."

The man put the bottle to his lips, tilted it up, and, in spite of the angry protests of the counsel, did not lower it until he had drunk every drop of liquor it contained.

The defending counsel contended that all the convincing evidence had now disappeared. The case for the prosecution had broken down; and the story goes on that the court did discharge the two defendants.

A Marshall Hall Story.

Sir Edward Marshall Hall is one of the members of "The Bohemians," and once won the prize for the best story of the evening. Sir Edward is a perfect raconteur, because not only has he voice and appearance in his favour—he can combine dramatic effect and humour in the telling of a tale as well as the most practised actor.

One of his best stories relates to his very early days at the Bar. A well-to-do man in the horse trade chose him to fight his case in a County Court action, where the small sum of 12s. 6d. was at stake.

"The case was heard in Essex," says Sir Edward. "My client sent his brougham to take me to the court. There were barristers on the other side, and any number of witnesses were called. It was a close fight. We won."

"I cannot understand," I said to my client, "why there should be all this money spent on a case about so small a sum as 12s. 6d."

"My client grinned. 'Ah,' he explained, 'but there was a devil of a lot on the result.'"

Ready Reckoning.

Little Ikey was with his father in the gallery. Enter Leslie Henson. Ikey, very excited, leaned forward so far that he fell into the stalls. Quickly his father called down to him, "Ikey, come back! It costs 12s. 6d. down there!"



COSTUME-DESIGNER FOR CONGREVE AND CAPEK: MISS DORIS ZINKEISEN.

Miss Doris Zinkeisen is the clever young designer whose costumes for the Capek "Insect Play," produced last year, roused so much interest, and who is responsible for the delightful dresses and scenery in the Nigel Playfair production of "The Way of the World" at Hammersmith, some of the original sketches for which are reproduced elsewhere in this issue. The brilliance of the colours in these costumes surprises some people; but most experts believe that the colours actually used were very brilliant at the time, and that it is only the effect of age which renders original period costumes so faded and indeterminate in colour. Miss Zinkeisen is one of two clever sisters, as Miss Anne K. Zinkeisen is a rising young artist whose self-portrait and other Academy pictures of last year roused a good deal of interest.

Photograph by Maurice Beck.

white boa that the actress wore with one of her dresses. "You will notice," said this critic, "that Miss Cooper did not keep that boa over her shoulders long; and she was wise. It destroyed the line between neck and shoulders. That is always a point the well-dressed woman considers."

Over the Sticks in the Sun: At the Shirley Meeting.



1. WITH COLONEL STARKEY: MRS. TOWERS CLARKE.
2. LADY GREY.
3. WITH CAPTAIN FARLEY: MRS. FARLEY.



4. WITH MR. W. GRAZEBROOKE: MISS NICHOLAS.



5. GENERAL WIGGIN, MRS. NORMAN LODER, MR. FORREST.

Summer-like weather and bright sunshine favoured the Shirley Meeting on the Monkspath Meadows, and there was a record attendance to witness the racing. Our photographs show some of the spectators.

Mrs. Norman Loder is the wife of Mr. Norman Loder, and is the daughter of Mr. Sydney Eisher, of Amington Hall, Tamworth.—Brigadier-General Wiggin, D.S.O., is a son of Sir Henry Samuel Wiggin, first Baronet.

Photographs by Alfieri and B.I.

Rugger.

Rugby Football Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

IN this country it is not often that one finds a "curtain-raiser" on the programme of a Rugger match; though I believe in Australia it is no uncommon thing to find even a couple of minor matches put on in front of the really big event of the day. On the Rectory Field at Blackheath, the management had staged a most attractive "curtain-raiser," entitled, Blackheath Veterans v. Bank of England. The prospect of seeing hoary-headed old "Heathens" bringing down representatives from the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street attracted a very large crowd, who evidently looked upon the "curtain-raiser" as a roaring farce.

I didn't like their doing this. The fact that I was once more being allowed to gaze upon the broad back and sturdy legs of Cumberlege; to watch the clever and nippy little erstwhile England half, Coverdale, again buzzing about the base of the scrum; and to see Craven himself—scarcely less vigorous than when, in 1912, he scored the only two tries for London against the South Africans (the only English team to beat them)—impressed me with the solemnity of the occasion. I have not mentioned "Bruno" Brown, the famous English International forward, because he is a hardy perennial. He is the Peter Pan of Rugger; it seems unlikely that he will ever grow out of the game, or grow up sufficiently to be called a veteran.

As I have said, the occasion presented itself to me as impressive rather than amusing. And I could not see what so many spectators saw to laugh about. There were no beards among these resuscitated Rugger men; no glaring evidence of undue "middle-spread." Merely a few instances of grey hairs, which should command respect rather than laughter. If, however, the spectators found food for mirth among the veterans, their opponents had nothing whatever to laugh about. Especially when J. G. Skeet, the Blackheath right-wing three-quarter, running like a two-year-old (in spite of his hoary head), scored a remarkably fine try almost on "time." Dawkes, on the other wing, having previously scored, and one of the tries having been converted, the Bank of England were beaten 8-0. The fifteen "old" men walked back to the

dressing-room quite unaided; and, on inquiry the next morning, I was informed that most of them were as well as could be expected.

It was after the "curtain-raiser," which I didn't think a bit funny, that my sense of humour began to be tickled. For the stern, dour struggle expected between those ancient opponents (whose rivalry goes back to the year 1867), Blackheath and Richmond, proved itself to be an absolute farce. "The Club" seemed to romp over Richmond's goal-line and score just whenever they wanted to.

It was at "half" that the winners—to the tune of 3 goals and 7 tries to 1 goal—had an overwhelming advantage. The combination between Young and Lawton has a Kershaw-cum-Davies touch about it. Lawton

handed round during that welcome five minutes' interval between the "forties"—as the dessert. Now it really looks as if it would become so; or at least there is a tendency to break away from this monotonous diet. Lawton tells me that he doesn't find that the acid juice of the lemon does him any good at all; so he always provides himself with a little private portion of raisins. I noticed him at the Rectory Field offering this fruit round to other Blackheath players. Let us hope that this kind of thing will develop, and that we shall find members of the two fifteens sharing pine-apples, melons, and bananas among themselves. After all, lemons can't be everybody's fancy; and there are plenty of other fruits quite as "rare and refreshing."

The Blackheath Official Programme is a very much more informative affair than most of its kind; and—let other clubs take notice—in spite of this, is only half the price of other programmes—namely, one penny. Among other things, "The Club" programme gives a complete list of the fixtures of all their teams, with results to date. You are also informed as to those who have obtained the tries for the first XV.; and who have been the successful kickers in the case of placed, dropped, and penalty goals. The programme might be ex-



has that particular genius of drawing the defence so completely that, when he finally passes, "the centre" has almost a clear field; and it is generally a case of the latter having merely to draw the full-back and enable the wing to score between the posts. This broad-shouldered, well-made Australian is a great personality. He is one of those who evoke, under certain circumstances, the remark, "Then what do you do?" The certain circumstances are when, after being offered a drink and then a smoke, he refuses both. In spite of, or because of, being a non-smoker and teetotaler, Lawton is ripe for his Rugger International cap for England; rows for his College (New) boat; and will be seen at Queen's Club in a few weeks' time putting the weight for Oxford in the 'Varsity Sports.

There is many a true word spoken in jest. In a previous article, not very long ago, I somewhat whimsically referred to the lemons—

tended further, with a series of "Who's Who in the Rugger World"; or a set of "Rugger Confessions" would perhaps prove amusing reading.

Just at the moment, possibly the first subject would be, aptly enough, P. H. Lawless, the Richmond skipper. Having just suffered defeat by 3 goals and 7 tries to 1 goal, he can easily be imagined answering the question, "What is your favourite ground?" with "The Rectory Field, Blackheath."

Wales have had to admit another defeat; this time at the hands of the Irish. It is a regrettable thing that a country which has a tremendous love of the game is at present unable to put into the field a team worthy of the best traditions of Welsh Rugger. They were not outclassed by any means at Cardiff; but when one remembers the really great fifteens which the Principality fielded twenty years ago, one cannot help thinking the game in Wales is not what it was.

Air-Pilot and Daughter of a Peer.



IN HER FLYING KIT: THE HON. ELSIE MACKAY.

The Hon. Elsie Mackay is the third daughter of Lord Inchcape, G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E., first Baron, and of Lady Inchcape, and is a keen airwoman. She holds a pilot's certificate, owns her own aeroplane, and

has been very interested in flying for some time. Lord Inchcape is, of course, one of the most distinguished of our shipping Peers, and was created a Baron in 1911.

Portrait by Malcolm Arbuthnot.

THE OXFORD 'VARSITY GRIND:



Miss Joan McKechnie.



*Miss Pigashe
& Mrs. Miles Thompson.*



Capt. Beckwith-Smith, Mr. Johnson, Mrs. Beckwith-Smith & Mrs. Bulleel.



Miss Robinson and Lady Mary Fitzmaurice.



Miss Bridget Barnett, Miss Ruth Luard & Miss Barnett.



Mr. O. Barron, Mrs. Richard Barling, Mr. Gerald Williams & Sir Ian Walker

THE HANDKERCHIEF FASHION OF THE MOMENT:

The feature of the recent race-meetings—from the feminine point of view—has been the handkerchief fashion of the moment. Brilliant "gipsy" handkerchiefs are an essential part of the smart tailor-made turn-out of to-day, and may be knotted round the neck tightly, left to flap in the breeze, or arranged in any other way which seems good to the wearer, as may be seen from our snapshots of the Oxford University Grind, held at Stockham, near Wantage. Lady Doreen Hely-Hutchinson, who is a débutante of the year, is the only daughter of the Earl of

SNAPSHOTS FROM STOCKHAM.



*Lady Doreen
Hely-Hutchinson,
The Countess of
Donoughmore
& Viscount
Suirdale*



*Capt Nickalls, Lady Ipswich
and Mrs. Nickalls.*



Miss K. Timpson & Miss Assheton.



*Lord & Lady
Chesham
& their son
the hon.
John
Cavendish*



Mr. Williams has a fall on "Searchlight".



Lord & Lady Stalbridge.

WELL-KNOWN FOLK IN RACE-GOING KIT.

Donoughmore, and Viscount Suirdale is her brother.—Lord Stalbridge is the Master of Fernie's.—Lord Chesham is the Master of the Bicester. Lady Chesham was formerly Miss Margot Mills; and the Hon. John Cavendish, born in 1916, is her only son.—Sir Ian Walker is the third Baronet.—Lady Mary Fitzmaurice is the only daughter of the Earl of Orkney; and Lady Ipswich is the widow of the late Lord Ipswich, son of the eighth Duke of Crafton, and is the mother of the present Lord Ipswich, who was born in 1914.—[Photographs by Alfieri, B.I., T.P.A., and S. and G.]



In Exile—at Monte Carlo.

There are worse places of exile than the Riviera! Of course, London is the refuge of refugees for six months out of the twelve; but from October till May—brrr!—while the Riviera has not only its sunshine but its tables, which hold the same thrilling element of uncertainty as, say, clinging to a throne! Whatever the reason, Royalties always get pleasantly and thoroughly acclimatised here: ex-King Manoel does not seem to sigh too much after the past or Portugal, even though there is one thing better and cheaper in Portugal, or even in London, than here—and that is port—good port! So near and yet so dear!

A more melancholy figure now at Monte Carlo is the brother of the late Tsar. Taller than his ill-fated brother, he bears a great likeness to the Emperor of all the Russias; he has the characteristically sad expression of the Romanov family.

As for the Shah of Persia—but, then, perhaps this is rather premature. Still, how selfish of his subjects—to disturb him in his mission (which, as you know, is the study of the French punitive system), with such an impertinent ultimatum! The Shah has just left for Paris, but is to return to Nice in three weeks or so.

Prince Louis Napoleon is often seen on the Place, or in the Gardens of the Casino, walking alone with his hands behind his back and his shoulders a little bent, as if such a big name must be somewhat heavy to carry. All those men, rulers or of ruling blood, must often, methinks, as the doves of the Casino flutter at their feet in the golden sunshine, reflect how kinder Nature than Humanity!



THE RIVIERA POLO CHAMPIONSHIPS: MAJOR P. MAGOR, MR. WANAMAKER, MR. EARL HOPPING, AND THE HON. K. MACKAY (L. TO R.).

In the polo championships on the Riviera, a side consisting of the players shown in our photograph defeated the team consisting of Major Kirkwood, Wing-Commander P. K. Wise, Major Hurdall, and Lord Cholmondeley.—[Photograph by Rey.]

A Poet's Romance.

I hear that Maurice Maeterlinck is writing a preface to a new book on the Riviera by Pierre Devoluy and Pierre Borel. The Master is, of course, very much in love with this part of the world: it appeals to all poets and artists—

incidentally, it was on the Riviera, not many years ago, that Maeterlinck met the lady who became the second Mme. Maeterlinck.

Another devotee of the Azure Coast, Mr. Grant Richards, author and publisher, has lately arrived at Monte Carlo with his beautiful wife. He tells me he is engaged on yet another novel with the Riviera as a background. Two of his former books dealt in a caustic, worldly way with life as it is lived (?) among the fashionable set of Monte Carlo. What Mr. Grant Richards does not know about the pleasures of the table and the tables is not worth knowing! His

next novel is to be called "Shingled Hair"; but hair grows so quickly, and Fashion is so fickle!

Still the Visitors Come.

I saw a pretty example of *noblesse oblige* the other day. Lunching at Ré's was the Duke of Connaught, evidently enjoying his meal under the personal care of Mme. la Patronne, in spite of the tactless stares of many of the lunchers there. Some visitors to the Riviera really push their sight-seeing craze to extremes! When the Duke had finished, his aide-de-camp went to settle the bill, and both were about to depart, when suddenly the Duke turned back and went to say a few pleasant words to Mme. la Patronne, and shake hands, leaving her with a large smile on her motherly face!

Ré's, by the way, is one of the few places, if not the only one in Monte Carlo, where there are *music-less* meals! A man I know, who is a real music-lover and a gourmet, said to me the other day how much he preferred feeding in a place where they had no orchestra:

"If they give me jazz music," he said; "it spoils the food; if they give me good music, the food spoils the music, as it seems sacrilege to masticate while listening to a masterpiece!" Some people are never satisfied!

We are very up to date on the Riviera, even in the form in which we practise charity; once upon a time we held a bazaar when we wanted to benefit this or that good

work; nowadays we arrange Mah-Jongg competitions! Such a party was held the other day at the Villa Kasbeck, lent by General Sir Arthur Paget, in aid of the Home for Orphans of the War, at Juan-les-Pins. Lady Allan, Lady Coats, and Miss Amy Paget were the organisers of the competition as well as of a bridge tournament.

The Riviera season is lengthening every year. It starts earlier and ends later. Lots of people are still arriving: Sir Alfred and Lady Stern and their little daughter have come to Cannes to join Maud Lady Orr-Lewis. The Countess of Bradford has also arrived there, where the Earl of Bradford had already been for some time. Major Wernher and his wife (daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby), Sir Harry Goschen and Lady Goschen are among the latest arrivals. The King of Sweden is expected in a few days; Count Wrangel, the Swedish Minister for Foreign Affairs, is already in Cannes; while, in Monte Carlo, Sir Hamar and Lady Greenwood and Lady Tichborne are the latest comers.

Somebody said the other day to a friend in the know: "I've just seen Jeannette."



AT MENTONE: MAJOR LEVETT, PRINCE PIERRE AND HIS WIFE, PRINCESSE CHARLOTTE DE MONACO, AND THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.

Photograph by Navello.

"Oh, then, Sir Harry Livesey can't be far!" answered the other.

And I in a tone of censure: "More gossip! What a place for scandal!"

But I felt a fool when they explained that "Jeannette" was the name of Sir Harry Livesey's yacht!

Sona is that of Lord Dunraven's, and both were lying at anchor beside the yacht of the Duke of Westminster, just back from a short cruise to Corsica.

Spring is here; so much so that when you are sitting in the sun, sipping your *apéritif* at the Café de Paris, from eleven to one, you present a grimacing countenance to the man with the camera; and you have not energy enough to "shoo" away the dusky gentlemen in a fez and bed sheets who want to convince you that the Turkish carpets you *must* buy are *not* made in Birmingham. "*Bonne affaire!*" they sing without enthusiasm, and you shrug indulgently, for spring is here, and life is good, if nothing else is!

Congrevian Coquettes and Beaux – Dressed by Zinkeisen.



MRS. MARWOOD.



MIRABELL.



MRS. FAINALL.



WITWOUND.

Miss Doris Zinkeisen's designs for the costumes and scenery of the Nigel Lyric Theatre, Hammersmith, have aroused much interest and admiration. Above we give reproductions of some of this clever artist's original drawings.

FROM THE ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY DORIS ZINKEISEN.

According to J. A. S.



ANTIPODEAN HUMOUR AS UNDERSTOOD BY THE LAUGHING JACKASS
AND THE TAWNY FROGMOUTH.

DRAWN BY J. A. SHEPHERD.

This Week's Studdy.



TOO MANY COOKS!

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

NOTE.—The Best of all the Bonzo Books—"BONZO'S STAR TURNS"—is still on sale.

MILLAMANT - THAT ENCHANTING MINX.





"I'LL FLY AND BE FOLLOWED TO THE LAST MOMENT!" MISS EDITH EVANS AS THE HEROINE
OF CONGREVE'S "THE WAY OF THE WORLD."

Miss Edith Evans' performance as Millamant, the heroine of Congreve's great comedy, "The Way of the World," is one which cannot fail to please, for this delightful actress has captured the spirit of the early eighteenth century with unerring genius; and she has portrayed a Millamant who is the quintessence of enchanting minxhood, and who speaks Congreve's beautiful, witty prose as if she were indeed of his race and time. The

costumes and scenery in the Playfair production of "The Way of the World" are by Miss Doris Zinkeisen, the brilliantly clever young artist whose designs for the Insect Play roused so much interest. The period of the play is 1700, and the costumes are very attractive examples of the styles of that date. Our photograph shows the details of Miss Edith Evans' dress very distinctly, and her green gloves should be specially noted.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

The Sketch, March 19, 1924

Suggestive of a "Man Without Desire" Scene.



"BONNE NUIT À VENISE."

This charming moonlight picture of eighteenth-century Venice by Jean Droit recalls one of the scenes in the recently presented film, "The Man Without Desire," as exactly the same part of Venice

was pictured in the screen story of Old Venice and of modern life, which had such a big success when it was first released at the Tivoli.

From the Picture by Jean Droit. (Original in the Possession of the Maison Devambez, 23, Rue Lavoisier, Paris.)



Breeding will tell—in men, birds, beasts—and tobacco. Three Nuns is bred from the choicest growths, blended

and cut in a curious manner that ensures uniformity of fragrance down to the very bottom of the pipe-bowl.

THREE NUNS

TOBACCO

Sold everywhere in the following packings: 1-oz. Packets, 1/2; 2-oz. Tins, 2/4; 4-oz. Tins, 4/8

Stephen Mitchell & Son, Branch of the Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd., 36, St. Andrew Square, Glasgow



"THE BRIG O' BALGAWNIE."

By A. TALMAGE, A.R.A.

A new note in poster art, "The Brig o' Balgawnie"—which Mr. A. Talmage, A.R.A., has painted for the London Midland and Scottish Railway. It is one of the series of 20 posters which the "L.M.S." have commissioned from Royal Academicians an enterprise which is calculated to have beneficial influence on the whole field of pictorial advertising as well as on the appearance of our railway stations and hoardings.



Criticisms in Cameo. By J. T. Grein.



I.

"THE FOREST," AT THE ST. MARTIN'S.

AS *The Sketch* is read all the world over, there is one thing I would say as a general impression of the performance of Galsworthy's new play. I would say it with all the force of conviction and the sense of responsibility: There are no better men actors than our English. Their work in "The Forest" was perfection. There was not a character that was not alive, not a type that was not real. And among these, the creations of Franklin Dyall as the great financier, of Leslie Banks as the buccaneer, of J. W. Robert as the clerk, "damned soul" of his master; of John Howell as the *savant* in the wilds, of Campbell Cullan, Ian Hunter, H. R. Hignett, were masterly. There are two or three potential Lucien Guitrys among them, Dyall at the head of all, which is great eulogy, but not exaggeration. Let us make note of it, and feel proud of our men. The one woman in the cast, Hermione Baddeley, too, in the character of a native girl devoted to her employer and friend, is very happily cast. She has temperament, fire, fervour; she was a clinging figure, yet a commanding one. She forgot her birth and stepped into the dusky skin as if it were her own, never forgetting accent or inflections of voice. A little indistinct at times; but, then, who could articulate pigeon-English as clearly as our language demands?

So much for the interpretation. In the play there is this ominous central idea: The destiny of some men is ruled by stocks and shares. Finance is ruthless. Finance sends men into the wilderness to exploit wealth for schemes in board-rooms. Finance has no morals or mercy. If all is fair in love and war, all means will serve to influence the market. Under the pretext of fighting slavery in the Congo Borderland, the great financier and his acolytes send men into the forest—the unknown—to gather diamonds. What do their sufferings, their lives, matter, provided the stock rises, the "coup" is made? And if there is a doubt, a forged telegram, fabricated by the financier's tool, does the rest. The men may rot in jungle and fever—the shekels grow and multiply. Life is cheap, gold is not, and the rest of the world can go to the devil.

These scenes of scheming and planning in Lombard Street courts are wonderfully realistic. Those who know the City will appreciate the picture as well as the men. The types may be imaginary, but they are true. One has but to dip into the memory and recall famous trials and exposures to check their veracity. The last act is a masterpiece.

It is when we come to the forest scenes that the action takes a melodramatic turn. We see here how the European handles the native; how fever undermines the men; how treachery and greed go hand in hand; how discipline is maintained at the point of the revolver; how one strong hand maintains order and rules life and death; how native cunning defeats both strength of arms and the white man's schemes; how one frail woman for love and vengeance leads the expedition to doom in the wilderness.

These scenes, however deftly conducted by Galsworthy, never create more than a sensational impression. They do not really move us. They have an air of unreality. Is it the author's fault? I would say, no. It is a clear manifestation of the limitations of the stage, despite the minuteness of the

production, the attempts of the painter's brush to depict Nature as it is. Somehow, the canvas, the natives, the whole constellation, make us see nothing but make-believe. The stage can but give us a pale reflection of the real thing. The actors are true enough, but the medium will not convince us. We hear of the horror of climate and all that lurks in the unfathomable depth of the forest, but we feel it not. In the office scenes we forget the theatre. In the jungle scenes we think of it. Nature seems to defy scenic art. It is here that the screen is mightier than the stage.

Meanwhile, let us praise Galsworthy for the gift of a remarkable play.

J. T. G.

II.

"DIPLOMACY," AT THE ADELPHI.

THERE is life in the old dog yet. But the bones begin to creak. The first act—an hour by the clock—wearied us. It wants lopping and transfusion of fresh verbal blood. The second—still part of Sardou's famous exposition: the spring-board leading to the jump—brought us not much further. Then

as in former days. The younger school does not quite know how to handle this kind of material. They are too unemotional, too much inclined to be inarticulate. Even near the stage, we had to prick up our ears to follow some of the players; and where there is so much plotting and detail, it is necessary to hear everything to be interested.

Lady Tree, still amusing and ingenious as the old Dowager, understands how to ladle out this kind of stuff—she even winks at the audience in her pleasure of her *obiter dicta*. The newcomer, a young Russian, Boris Ranevsky, also told the tale of his imprisonment in Russia more to the audience than to his companions; but he told it splendidly, with fervour and minuteness of diction. Mr. Norman Forbes's Stein remains his best work. He is a type as well as a character. Mr. Owen Nares was a little passive as young Beauclerc. He was a very agreeable specimen of young English manhood; but in the great scene with Dora (Act III.), rather too phlegmatic. Miss Annie Schletter remains an ideal *vastaquouère* Marquise; and the maid of Miss Maude Snell delighted us by her pertness and her French. Mr. Dawson Milward's senior Beauclerc was excellent in his diplomatic manner; a *grand seigneur* without a flaw. If I had been asked to select Miss Cooper's part, I should have advised her to play Zicka, not Dora. Dora is really but a collateral character in the play. She has but one scene—the plea of innocence and the vain appeal at the closed door. In this she was intense and sympathetic. For the rest, she conveyed the idea of youth to perfection, and she looked more adorable than ever. Not a day older than twenty. Yet all the time I thought what—after Mrs. Tanqueray and Magda—she would

have made of Zicka. In saying this, I would not belittle Miss Irene Browne, who was very interesting, if a trifle too obvious and fidgety in the search of the attaché's desk—altogether not the somewhat nebulous personage imagined by Sardou.

It was a modernised reading, played "straight" and with power, and it pleased the gods mightily. Yet I see Zicka otherwise. She belongs to the mystery women, *à la* Mata Hari, who have an individuality all their own, and, up to a certain point, beguile the world—until they are found out.

J. T. G.

III.

"UNDER HIS PROTECTION," AT THE LYCEUM.

THE producers seem to have felt that there was weakness in the story, for they loaded the second act with variety business (capital lasso-launchers; incredibly nimble acrobats, the Tabzerwoulths—the last word in somersaults and catherine-wheels), and it was ten-thirty before the story was taken up again. It must have been midnight before Young Buffalo finally clasped to his breast the young English lady under his (respectable) protection, who had come to Mexico to claim her silvermine, and was defrauded, kidnapped, sequestered—and what not—by fierce mustachioed bandits disporting themselves in the gorgeous raiment of a romantic land. Truth to tell, despite excursions

and alarms, long speeches, long-lost antecedents of a valiant Buffalo Bill, there was neither coherence nor real excitement in the tale. Melodrama may exaggerate life, but there must be a semblance of it.—J. T. G.



AS WILLEM VON VUURWATER: MR. MORRIS HARVEY IN "THE THREE GRACES."

Mr. Morris Harvey, the well-known comedian, is one of the leading members of "The Three Graces," at the Empire, and is shown in his character of Willem von Vuurwater.

Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.

came the famous Three-Men Scene, with Dawson Milward, Owen Nares, and Norman Forbes, in the third; and the grand finale of the act when Dora, despairing, drums at her husband's closed door. We warmed up then; and when, in the last, Countess Zicka fell into the mouse-trap—the piece of blank paper in a closed envelope that led her to confess her jealousy and her theft of the State paper (for which poor Dora was almost sent to Coventry), we were very nearly thrilled. The old Master Magician of Marly, as they used to call Sardou, still casts his spell. His tricks may not bear introspection, but, like the conjurer's, they make you sit up and marvel. It may be poor art—especially when adaptation, however clever, as it were, bleeds the original—but it is excellent craft, and the pit and gallery "ate it."

The acting, fair on the whole, was not as spirited



MR. W. H. BERRY IN "THE THREE GRACES": BOUQUET, OF THE EMPIRE SHOW.

Mr. W. H. Berry recently joined the cast of "The Three Graces," and is now appearing as Bouquet—the rôle which was originally performed by Mr. Johnny Dooley.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

Films of the Moment: No. X. "Secrets," at the Palace.



THE VICTORIAN ELOPEMENT: MARY (MISS NORMA TALMADGE)
AND JOHN (MR. EUGENE O'BRIEN).



THE VICTORIAN DÉBUTANTE IN THE "SECRETS" FILM:
MISS NORMA TALMADGE AS MARY.



THE DISCOVERY OF JOHN IN MARY'S ROOM: MISS NORMA TALMADGE,
WITH MR. GEORGE NICHOLLS AS HER FATHER.



UNHOOKING THE BALL FROCK: JOHN CARLTON (EUGENE
O'BRIEN) AND MARY (NORMA TALMADGE).

The production of the screen version of "Secrets," the successful play by May Edginton and Rudolph Besier, which made such a hit when it was given in London with Miss Fay Compton in the leading rôle, was promised at the Palace on Monday evening last, March 17, and is an important picture event. Although the film is an American one—being a First National picture—this was its first presentation anywhere,

and the drama is said to be the finest in which Norma Talmadge has yet been seen. It will be remembered that the story opens with the Victorian girl's elopement. She defies her father, lets her lover climb up into her room and help her to change from her ball dress to a travelling costume, and goes away with him to Canada, where he makes a great fortune, and returns to England.

Secrets—of the Divine Sarah and the Sphinx.



STANDING BY THE HISTORIC BATH USED BY THE DIVINE SARAH: MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN
AT THE THÉÂTRE SARAH BERNHARDT.



IN HER COSTUME FOR "LE SECRET DU SPHINX": MME. IDA RUBINSTEIN.

The dressing-room of the Divine Sarah Bernhardt is now occupied by Mme. Ida Rubinstein, who is playing the leading rôle of "Le Secret du Sphinx," at the Théâtre Sarah Bernhardt; and in our photograph showing the wonderful marble bath, a secret of the famous actress is revealed. Sarah sometimes used to take

baths at a moment's notice—occasionally between the acts; and had a habit of keeping the audience waiting as long as half an hour while she revelled in the luxury of her marble bath. On such occasions she merely announced that she was feeling ill; and so when she reappeared she was received with a wonderful ovation.

Photographs by Abbé and Henri Manuel.

Plays of the Moment: No. XI a. "The Forest."



THE SURVIVORS THREATEN THE FINANCIER: DR. FRANKS (MR. H. R. HIGNETT), TREGAY (MR. NICHOLAS HANNEN), AND BASTAPLE (MR. FRANKLIN DYALL).



THE TRAGIC END OF THE EXPEDITION: JOHN STROOD (MR. LESLIE BANKS), A SAVAGE, HERRICK (MR. JOHN HOWELL), AND AMINA (MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY).



AMINA'S AMAZING LEAP TO STAB STROOD: MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY AND MR. LESLIE BANKS.



THE ONLY WOMAN IN THE CAST: MISS HERMIONE BADDELEY AS THE NATIVE GIRL, AMINA.

The new Galsworthy play, at the St. Martin's, is a drama of finance and forest. Its irony lies in the sufferings of explorers in Central Africa, and the use which is made of this adventure by Adrian Bastaple in the City. The men lose their lives by fever, poisoned arrows and daggers; but Bastaple uses the information brought by the survivors in respect of a diamond field to "rig the market" and make a quarter of a million. The adventures of the party in the forest are complicated by a native girl, Amina. She adores

Herrick, and when he is killed she imagines it to be the fault of John Strood, and wreaks her vengeance on him—the sole survivor of those who have gone on to find the diamond fields. Her sensational leap across the stage to fling her arms round his neck and stab him is an extraordinary performance, and altogether Miss Baddeley's rendering of the only woman's part in the strange play is a piece of work which has won her the highest praise from a number of people who know.—[Photographs by Stage Photo. Co.]

Waring & Gillow's 'New Values' of 1924

in Mahogany Dining Room Furniture



'Flamboro' Small Chair
in mahogany, with drop-in seat
upholstered in Rexine.

£3:19:6

5 ft. 0 ins. MAHOGANY 'FLAMBORO' SIDEBOARD,
centre portion fitted with cupboard, cutlery drawer under,
cellarette drawer on right hand side. spacious cupboard to
left side.

£28:10:0

'Flamboro' Arm Chair
in mahogany, with drop-in seat,
upholstered in Rexine.

£5:12:6

THE 'FLAMBORO' RANGE is another example of the exclusive excellence of Waring & Gillow Furniture.

In our workshops, which are recognised to be the largest retail furniture factories in the world, modern methods have been applied to the standardisation of the finest models of Dining Room Furniture.

We are NOW making Furniture History.

'Flamboro' Furniture, made of carefully selected materials, and now offered at a further reduction in price, representative of '*New Values*,' is meeting the eager clamour for inexpensive furniture of quality.

POST ORDERS receive most careful and immediate attention. :: Free deliveries.

DEFERRED PAYMENTS can be arranged. :: Details on request.

WARING & GILLOW

LIMITED

164-180, OXFORD ST., LONDON W.1.
ALSO AT MANCHESTER, LIVERPOOL AND LANCASTER.

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



“BLACK & WHITE”
AN EASY FIRST

THE MAN WHO WAS NUMBER FOUR.

FURTHER ADVENTURES OF M. POIROT.

By AGATHA CHRISTIE, Author of "The Grey Cells of M. Poirot," "The Mysterious Affair at Styles," "The Murder on the Links," etc.

No. XII.—THE CRAG IN THE DOLOMITES.

FROM our quiet retreat in the Ardennes we watched the progress of affairs in the great world. We were plentifully supplied with newspapers, and every day Poirot received a bulky envelope, evidently containing some kind of report. He never showed these reports to me, but I could usually tell from his manner whether their contents had been satisfactory or otherwise. He never wavered in his belief that our present plan was the only one likely to be crowned by success.

"As a minor point, Hastings," he remarked one day—"I was in continual fear of your death lying at my door. And that rendered me nervous—like a cat upon the jumps, as you say. But now I am well satisfied. Even if they discover that the Captain Hastings who landed in South America is an impostor (and I do not think they will discover it, as they are not likely to send an agent out there who knows you personally), they will only believe that you are trying to circumvent them in some clever manner of your own, and will pay no serious attention to discovering your whereabouts. Of the one vital fact, my supposed death, they are thoroughly convinced. They will go ahead and mature their plans."

"And then?" I asked eagerly.

"And then, *mon ami*, grand resurrection of Hercule Poirot! At the eleventh hour, I reappear, throw all into confusion, and achieve the supreme victory in my own unique manner!"

I realised that Poirot's vanity was of the case-hardened variety which could withstand all attacks. I reminded him that once or twice the honours of the game had lain with our adversaries. But I might have known that it was impossible to diminish Hercule Poirot's enthusiasm for his own methods.

"See you, Hastings, it is like the little trick that you play with the cards. You have seen it, without doubt? You take the four knaves, you divide them, one on top of the pack, one underneath, and so on—you cut and you shuffle, and there they are, all together again! That is my object. So far, I have been contending, now against one of the Big Four, now against another. But let me get them all together, like the four knaves in the pack of cards, and then, with one coup, I destroy them all!"

"And how do you propose to get them all together?" I asked.

"By awaiting the supreme moment. By lying *perdu* until they are ready to strike."

"That may mean a long wait," I grumbled.

"Always impatient, the good Hastings! But, no; it will not be so long. The one man they were afraid of—myself—is out of the way. I give them two or three months at most."

His speaking of someone being got out of the way reminded me of Ingles and his tragic death; and I remembered that I had never told Poirot about the dying Chinaman in St. Giles' Hospital. He listened with keen attention to my story.

"Ingles' servant, eh? And the few words he uttered were in Italian? Curious."

"That's why I suspected it might have been a plant on the part of the Big Four."

"Your reasoning is at fault, Hastings. Employ the little grey cells. If your enemies wished to deceive you, they would assuredly have seen to it that the Chinaman spoke in intelligible pigeon-English. No; the message was genuine. Tell me again all that you heard?"

"First of all, he made a reference to Handel's Largo, and then he said something that sounded like 'Carrozza'—that's a carriage, isn't it?"

"Nothing else?"

"Well, just at the end he murmured something like 'Cara' somebody or other—some woman's name, Zia, I think. But I don't suppose that that had any bearing on the rest of it."

"You would not suppose so, Hastings! Cara Zia is very important, very important indeed."

"I don't see—"

"My dear friend, you never see—and, anyway, the English know no geography."

"Geography?" I cried. "What has geography got to do with it?"

"I daresay M. Thomas Cook would be more to the point."

As usual, Poirot refused to say anything more—a most irritating trick of his. But I noticed that his manner became extremely cheerful, as though he had scored some point or other.

The days went on, pleasant, if a trifle monotonous. There were plenty of books in the Villa, and delightful rambles all around; but I chafed sometimes at the forced inactivity of our life, and marvelled at Poirot's state of placid content. Nothing occurred to ruffle our quiet existence; and it was not until the end of June, well within the limit that Poirot had given them, that we had our news of the Big Four.

A car drove up to the Villa early one morning—such an unusual event in that peaceful spot that I hurried down to satisfy my curiosity. I found Poirot talking to a pleasant-faced young fellow of about my own age. He introduced me.

"This is Captain Harvey, Hastings, one of the most famous members of your Intelligence Service."

"Not famous at all, I'm afraid," said the young man, laughing pleasantly.

"Not famous, except to those in the know, I should have said. Most of Captain Harvey's friends and acquaintances consider him an amiable but brainless young man—devoted only to the trot of the fox, or whatever the dance is called." We both laughed.

"Well, well, to business," said Poirot. "You are of opinion the time has come, then?"

"We are sure of it, Sir. China was isolated politically yesterday. What is going on out there, nobody knows. No news of any kind, wireless or otherwise, has come through: just a complete break—and silence!"

"Li Chang Yen has shown his hand. And the others?"

"Abe Ryland arrived in England a week ago, and left for the Continent yesterday."

"And Mme. Olivier?"

"Mme. Olivier left Paris last night."

"For Italy?"

"For Italy, Sir. As far as we can judge,

they are both making for the resort you indicated—though how you knew that—"

"Ah, that is not the cap with the feather for me. That was the work of Hastings here. He conceals his intelligence, you comprehend, but it is profound, for all that."

Harvey looked at me with due appreciation, and I felt rather uncomfortable.

"All is in train, then," said Poirot. He was pale now, and completely serious. "The time has come. The arrangements are all made?"

"Everything you ordered has been carried out. The Governments of Italy, France, and England are behind you, and are all working harmoniously together."

"It is, in fact, a new Entente," observed Poirot drily. "I am glad that Desjardeaux is convinced at last. *Eh bien*, then, we will start—or, rather, I will start. You, Hastings, will remain here—yes, I pray of you. In verity, my friend, I am serious."

I believed him, but it was not likely that I should consent to being left behind in that fashion. Our argument was short, but decisive. It was not until we were in the train, speeding towards Paris, that he admitted that he was secretly glad of my decision.

"For you have a part to play, Hastings. An important part! Without you, I might well fail. Nevertheless, I felt that it was my duty to urge you to remain behind."

"There is danger, then?"

"*Mon ami*, where the Big Four are there is always danger."

On arrival in Paris, we drove across to the Gare de l'Est, and Poirot at last announced our destination. We were bound for Bolzano and the Italian Tyrol. During Harvey's absence from our carriage, I took the opportunity of asking Poirot why he had said that the discovery of the rendezvous was my work.

"Because it was, my friend. How Ingles managed to get hold of the information I do not know; but he did, and he sent his servant to us, primed with the knowledge. We are bound, *mon ami*, for Karersee, the new Italian name for which is Lago di Carazza. You see now where your 'Cara Zia' comes in, and also your 'Carrozza' and 'Largo'—the 'Handel' was supplied by your own imagination. Possibly some reference to the information coming from the 'hand' of Mr. Ingles started the train of association."

"Karersee?" I queried. "I never heard of it."

"I always tell you that the English know no geography. But, as a matter of fact, it is a well-known and very beautiful summer resort, four thousand feet up, in the heart of the Dolomites."

"And it is in this out-of-the-way spot that the Big Four have their rendezvous?"

"Say, rather, their headquarters. The signal has been given, and it is their intention to disappear from the world and issue orders from their mountain fastness. I have made the inquiries—a lot of quarrying of stone and mineral deposits is done there, and the company, apparently a small Italian

(Continued overleaf.)



HERCULE POIROT.

[Continued.]

firm, is in reality controlled by Abe Ryland. I am prepared to swear that a vast subterranean dwelling has been hollowed out in the very heart of the mountain, secret and inaccessible. From there the leaders of the organisation will issue by wireless their orders to their followers, who are numbered by thousands in every country. And from that crag in the Dolomites the dictators of the world will emerge. That is to say, they would emerge, were it not for Hercule Poirot!"

"Do you seriously believe all this, Poirot? What about the armies and general machinery of civilisation?"

"What about it in Russia, Hastings? This will be Russia on an infinitely larger scale; and with this additional menace—that Madame Olivier's experiments have proceeded farther than she has ever given out. I believe that she has to a certain extent succeeded in liberating atomic energy and harnessing it to her purpose. Her experiments with the nitrogen of the air have been very remarkable; and she has also experimented in the concentration of wireless energy, so that a beam of great intensity can be focussed upon some given spot. Exactly how far she has progressed, nobody knows, but it is certain that it is much farther than has ever been given out. She is a genius, that woman—the Curies were as nothing to her. Add to her genius the power of Ryland's almost unlimited wealth, and with the brain of Li Chang Yen (the finest criminal brain ever known) to direct and plan—*eh bien*, it will not be, as you say, all jam for civilisation."

His words made me very thoughtful. Although Poirot was given at times to exaggeration of language, he was not really an alarmist. For the first time I realised what a desperate struggle it was upon which we were engaged. Harvey soon rejoined us, and no more was said.

We arrived at Bolzano about midday. From there the journey on was by motor. Several big blue motor-cars were waiting in the central square of the town, and we three got into one of them. Poirot, notwithstanding the heat of the day, was muffled to the eyes in great-coat and scarf. His eyes and the tips of his ears were all that could be seen of him.

I did not know whether this was due to precaution—or merely his exaggerated fear of catching a chill. The motor journey took a couple of hours. It was a really wonderful drive. For the first part of the way we wound in and out of huge cliffs, with a trickling waterfall on one hand. Then we emerged into a fertile valley which continued for some miles; and then, still winding steadily upwards, the bare rocky peaks began to show, with dense, clustering pine-woods at their base. The whole place was wild and lovely. Finally there was a series of abrupt curves, with the road running through the pine-woods on either side, and we came suddenly upon a big hotel, and found that we had arrived.

Our rooms had been reserved for us, and under Harvey's guidance we went straight up to them. They looked out over the rocky peaks and the long slopes of pine-woods leading up to them. Poirot made a gesture towards them.

"It is there?" he asked in a low voice.

"Yes," replied Harvey. "There is a place called the Felsenlabyrinth—all big boulders piled about in a most fantastic way; a path winds through them. The quarrying is to the right of that, but we think that the entrance is probably in the Felsenlabyrinth."

Poirot nodded.

"Come, *mon ami*," he said to me, "let us go down and sit upon the terrace and enjoy the sunlight."

"You think that wise?" I asked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

The sunlight was marvellous—in fact, the glare was almost too great for me. We had some creamy coffee instead of tea, then went upstairs and unpacked our few belongings. Poirot was in his most unapproachable mood, lost in a kind of reverie. Once or twice he shook his head and sighed.

I had been rather intrigued by a man who had got out of our train at Bolzano and had been met by a private car. He was a small man, about the size of Poirot, and the thing about him that had attracted my attention was that he was almost as much muffled up as Poirot had been. More so, indeed, for, in addition to great-coat and muffler, he was wearing huge blue spectacles. I was convinced that here we had an emissary of the Big Four. Poirot did not seem very impressed by my idea; but when, leaning out of my bed-room window, I reported that the man in question was strolling about in the vicinity of the hotel, he admitted reluctantly that there might be something in it.

I urged my friend not to go down to dinner, but he insisted on doing so. We entered the dining-room rather late, and were shown to a table by the window. As we sat down, our attention was attracted by an exclamation and a crash of falling china. A dish of haricots verts had been upset over a man who was sitting at the table next to ours. The head waiter came up and was vociferous in apologies.

Presently, when the offending waiter was serving us with soup, Poirot spoke to him.

"An unfortunate accident that; but it was not your fault."

"Monsieur saw that? No, indeed, it was not my fault. The gentleman half-sprang up from his chair—I thought he was going to have an attack of some kind. I could not save the catastrophe."

I saw Poirot's eyes shining with the green light I knew so well, and as the waiter departed he said to me in a low voice—

"You see, Hastings, the effect of Hercule Poirot—alive and in the flesh?"

"You think—"

I had not time to continue. I felt Poirot's hand on my knee, as he whispered excitedly—

"Look, Hastings, look! *His trick with the bread!* Number Four!"

Sure enough, the man at the next table to ours, his face unusually pale, was dabbing a small piece of bread mechanically about the table. This little trick, of which he himself was quite unaware, was our only means of identifying Number Four. Indeed, I would have sworn readily enough that the man sitting there was a complete stranger to me.

"He has recognised you," I murmured. "You should not have come down."

"My excellent Hastings, I have feigned death for three months for this one purpose."

"To startle Number Four?"

"To startle him at a moment when he must act quickly or not at all. And we have this great advantage—he does not know that we recognise him. He thinks that he is safe in his new disguise. How I bless Flossie Monro for telling us of that little habit of his with the bread."

"What will happen now?" I asked.

"What can happen? He recognises the only man he fears, miraculously resurrected from the dead, at the very minute when the plans of the Big Four are in the balance. Madame Olivier and Abe Ryland lunched here to-day, I find, and it is thought that they went on to Cortina. We only are aware that they have secretly retired to their prepared hiding place. *How much do we know?* That is what Number Four is asking himself at this minute. He dare take no risks. I must be suppressed at all costs. *Eh bien*, let him try to suppress Hercule Poirot! I shall be ready for him."

As he finished speaking, the man at the next table got up and went out.

"He has gone to make his little arrange-

ments," said Poirot placidly. "Shall we have our coffee on the terrace, my friend? It would be pleasanter, I think. I will just go up and get a coat."

I went out on the terrace a little disturbed in mind. Poirot's assurance did not quite content me. However, so long as we were on our guard, nothing could happen to us. I resolved to keep thoroughly on the alert. It was quite five minutes before Poirot joined me. With his usual precautions against cold, he was muffled up to the ears. He sat down beside me, and sipped his coffee appreciatively.

"Only in England is the coffee so atrocious," he remarked. "On the Continent, they understand how important it is for the digestion that it should be properly made."

As he finished speaking, the man from the next table suddenly appeared on the terrace. Without any hesitation, he came over and drew up a third chair to our table.

"You do not mind my joining you, I hope?" he said in English.

"Not at all, Monsieur," said Poirot.

I felt vaguely uneasy. It is true that we were on the terrace of the hotel, with people all round us; but, nevertheless, I was not satisfied. I sensed the presence of danger.

Meanwhile, Number Four chatted away in a perfectly natural manner. It seemed impossible to believe that he was anything but a bona-fide tourist. He described excursions and motor trips, and posed as quite an authority on the neighbourhood.

He took a pipe from his pocket and began to light it. Poirot drew out his case of tiny cigarettes. As he placed one between his lips, the stranger leant forward with a match.

"Let me give you a light."

As he spoke, without the least warning all the lights went out. There was a chink of glass and something pungent under my nose, suffocating me. . . .

I could not have been unconscious more than a minute. When I came to myself I was being hustled along between two men. They had me under each arm, supporting my weight, and there was a gag in my mouth. It was pitch-dark, but I gathered that we were not outside, but passing through the hotel. All round I could hear people shouting and demanding in every known language what had happened to the lights. My captors swung me down some stairs. We passed along a basement passage, then through a door and out into the open again through a glass door at the back of the hotel. In another moment we had gained the shelter of the pine-trees.

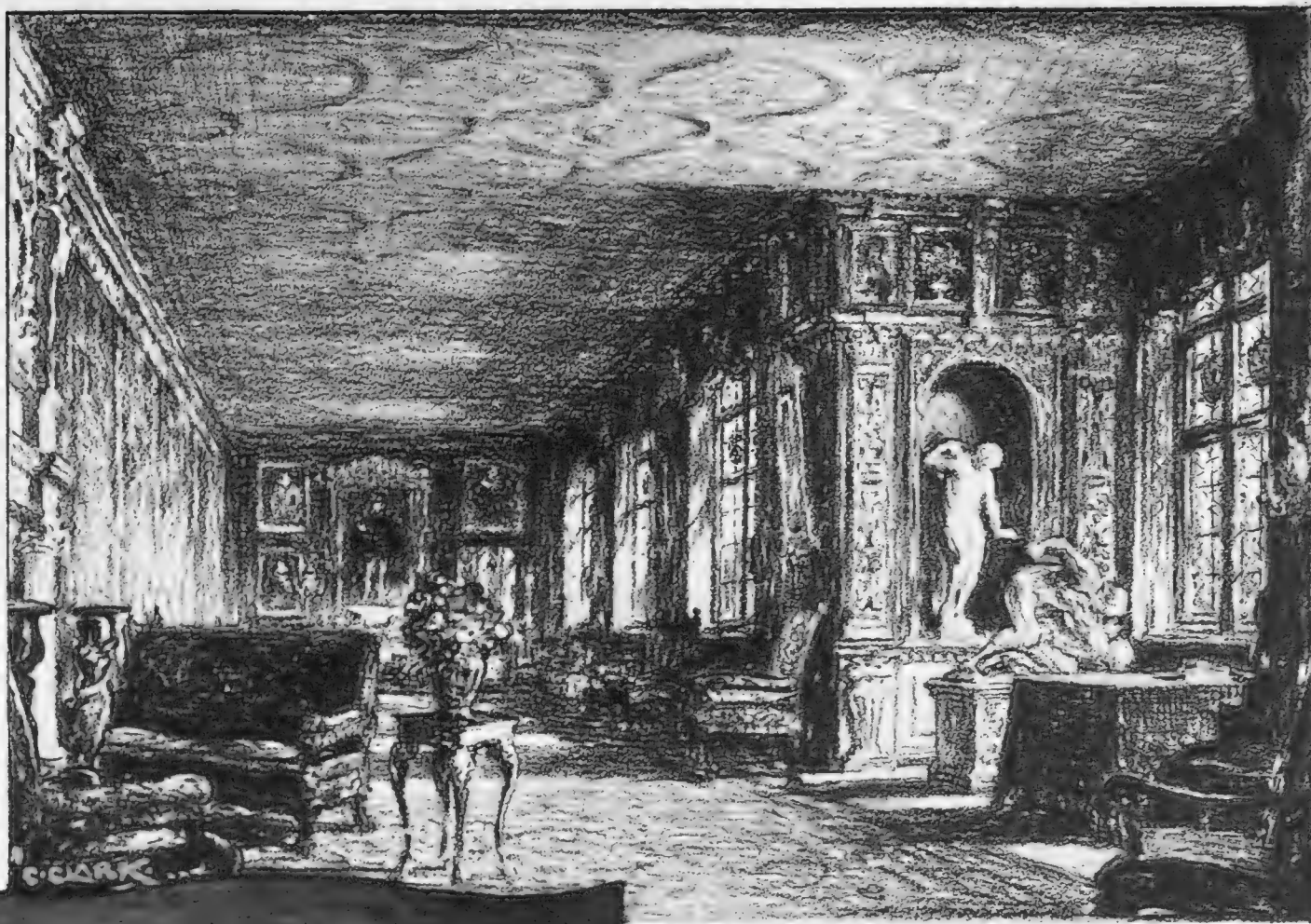
I had caught a glimpse of another figure in a similar plight to myself, and realised that Poirot, too, was a victim of this bold coup.

By sheer audacity, Number Four had won the day. He had employed, I gathered, an instant anæsthetic, probably ethyl-chloride—breaking two small bulbs of it under our noses. Then, in the confusion of the darkness, his accomplices, who had probably been guests sitting at the next table, had thrust gags in our mouths and hurried us away, taking us through the hotel to baffle pursuit.

I cannot describe the hour that followed. We were hurried through the woods at a breakneck pace, going up hill the whole time. At last we emerged in the open, on the mountain side, and I saw just in front of us an extraordinary conglomeration of fantastic rocks and boulders. This must be the Felsenlabyrinth of which Harvey had spoken. Soon we were winding in and out of its recesses. The place was like a maze devised by some evil genie.

Suddenly we stopped. An enormous rock barred our path. One of the men stooped and seemed to push on something, when, without a sound, the huge mass of rock turned on itself and disclosed a small tunnel.

[Continued on page xx.]



Knole.—The Cartoon Gallery.

"Embosomed High in Tufted Trees"

IN a sylvan setting of stately beech and venerable oak trees, Knole is magnificently feudal in appearance. Its ancient towers and battlements vividly recall the days of chivalry and romance, and the wonderful views of the mediæval interior serve further to complete this impression.

The architecture speaks of many styles, dating from that of King John's reign to that of Queen Elizabeth, whose counsellor and kinsman, Thomas Sackville, first Earl of Dorset, completed the present building which covers five acres and is said to contain 365 bedrooms.

Amid objects of art of inestimable value assembled here by the Sackville family during many centuries there is a superb collection of portraits and other works of old Masters, exhibited in the Cartoon Gallery. Mention of old Masters permits reference to one of different kind, first produced nigh three hundred years ago, but ever since famed for age and quality incomparable—John Haig's Scots Whisky, blended by the oldest distillers in the world—1627.



Silver table at Knole, part of the famous silver furniture made for the 6th Earl of Dorset in James II. reign. Repoussé silver superbly embossed, maker's name, T.L., with an escallop and pallets English, London Hall Mark, 1680-1.



Dye Ken
John Haig?

ISSUED BY JOHN HAIG & CO., LTD., DISTILLERS, MARKINCH, FIFE, AND KINNAIRD HOUSE, PALL MALL EAST, S.W.1.

St. James's, 26.

This border indicates the "brambles" and "dimples" which you will now find on all bottles of Peter Dawson Whisky



The Whisky bottle that looks proud and pleased

THE "brambles" and "dimples" on the face of the new "P.D." bottle give it an unmistakable expression. It is brambling with pride and dimpling with pleasure. It is unable to conceal the fact that its contents are "special."

The genuinely old whisky that fills the "P.D." bottle with pride and pleasure will infuse you also with pride and pleasure at your discovery of it. It is not prematurely old whisky. It is not false-whiskered whisky. It is genuinely old whisky, time-matured and wood-matured.

Ask your dealer for the "brambled and dimpled" bottle that looks proud and pleased with itself.

*It's easy to say "P.D."
It's hard to get better Whisky*



PETER DAWSON Ltd

Distillers 82 Great Clyde Street,
GLASGOW London Office: Lion
House, 29/30 Tower Hill, London, E.C.

"P.D." is the Whisky for
Whisky and Soda

Should you find any difficulty in obtaining "P.D." send your cheque for £7 10 0 to Peter Dawson Ltd, who will forward you a case of 12 bottles through their nearest agent.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

"Ariel." If you want to understand that curious creature, an author, you had better get hold of this book and read it from cover to cover. I don't mean, of course, the sort of author who is all things to all men, who can flatter publishers, critics, and women with the same facility, and employs a press-agent to trumpet his sales and social successes. It is not necessary to read a book to understand that author. He is himself a book, widely opened so that the fastest runner may read as he goes by.

I mean an author who, in addition to such genius as the gods may have bestowed upon him, is also burdened with that inexpressibly old-fashioned attribute, a soul. In Shelley's day, at any rate, there were such things, and poor Shelley had one. It led him the very devil of a dance; it cost him intense suffering; it was the cause of misery to many others besides himself: but it made a poet of him.

Shelley, unfortunately, had another handicap for a person of his temperament; he had money and the prospect of money. If he had not been in a position to publish books and pamphlets at his own expense, "The Necessity of Atheism" would never have seen the light. The fact of his being sent down from Oxford on account of this publication did not matter very much. Oxford is very beautiful, but much too densely populated for a poet, especially in term-time. What did matter was that at the age of nineteen even a genius is not sufficiently mature to decide for himself, still less for the public at large, whether atheism is necessary or not. The Dons thought that neither Shelley nor atheism was really necessary to the welfare of Oxford, so they sent him down, in the company of his young friend, Mr. Hogg. The fool of the comedy was Shelley's father, who opened an unlimited credit account for his son with Mr. Munday, the Carfax printer and bookseller.

Shelley at Eton.

Shelley was not happy at Eton. They called him "Mad Shelley," and they took it out of him for being a poet in precisely the same way that the labourer took it out of the toad for being a toad. No English schoolboy yet ever understood a poet, and it is extremely unlikely that he ever will. Still less could an English schoolboy be expected to understand a poet with a soul. A terrible combination even in the larger school of the outside world! Shelley's father must have been a fool from the word "go." Nobody but an arrant fool and snob would have sent a boy like Shelley to Eton or any other school. Far better to

have put him on a ship and let him work his passage round the world. That would have hardened him; but it would not have made him bitter against the people of his own class. The sailors would have knocked him about more than the Eton gentlemen; but what person of sensibility would mind being knocked about by a common sailor? Their ignorance would have pardoned all. The terrible thing for Shelley was to realise that the future rulers of England were such soulless young asses that they could not understand why one boy might be different from all the others.

"An organized 'Shelley-bait' became one of the favourite amusements. Some scout would discover the strange lad reading poetry by the riverside, and at once give the 'view hallo!' Shelley, with his hair streaming on the wind, would take flight across the meadows, through the college cloisters, the Eton streets. Finally, sur-

always the same, the school went back to its games."

And all this in order that the fool and snob of a father might exclaim to his friends, "Oh, yes, you know! My boy is at Eton!"

A short way of ridding himself of this nuisance of being harried and bullied would have been to slaughter one of the offenders. But I suppose Shelley never thought of that—or he may not have cared to have the blood of people of that calibre on his hands.

Shelley's Schoolboy Oath.

This was the oath that Shelley took, we are told, whilst he was still the butt of Eton:

"I swear to be just and wise and free, if such power in me lies. I swear never to become an accomplice, even by my silence, of the selfish and the powerful. I swear to dedicate my whole life to the worship of beauty."

M. André Maurois, the author of "Ariel," observes with delicious irony:

"Had Dr. Keate [the headmaster of Eton at that day] been witness to the above outburst of religious ardour, so deplorable in any well-regulated school, he would certainly have treated the case in his favourite way." In other words, he would have flogged the luckless Shelley until he swore to think about life conventionally, and to renounce

utterly the worship of beauty. For what success, after all, could come to an Englishman who worshipped beauty? Dr. Keate knew perfectly well that the proper things to worship were the things that all his other dear lads, and their parents before them, worshipped.

After Oxford—Harriet. There had to be a Harriet, of course, and she was quite likely to be a publican's daughter. To be sure, Mr. Westbrook was a retired publican, but at the time of Harriet's conception he was presumably in full practice. Publicans are excellent men, and their daughters are often very beautiful and charming and dear girls; but the daughter of a publican is not always, let us say, the ideal mate for a poet with a soul.

Anyhow, old man Westbrook did not discourage Shelley. Neither did Eliza, the elder sister who stood in the relation of a mother to Harriet. It is even possible that old man Westbrook and Eliza talked the matter over, for this, according to our author, is what happened:

"One night, as Shelley sat alone, reading by his fireside, a message was brought him from Eliza to say that Harriet was sick, and would he come and keep her company. He found her in bed, very pale, but lovelier than ever, with all her chestnut hair spread about her.

"Old Westbrook came upstairs to say 'How-d'ye-do,' and Shelley was rather

[Continued overleaf.]



TO MARRY LADY MARY FOX-STRANGWAYS:
CAPTAIN J. A. HERBERT.

The engagement of Lady Mary Fox-Strangways, elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Ilchester, to Captain J. A. Herbert, Royal Horse Guards, son of the late Sir Arthur Herbert, G.C.V.O., and of Lady Herbert, of Coldbrook, Abergavenny, has just been announced.—[Photographs by Bassano.]

he squeezed convulsively under his arm. Then, every finger would be pointed towards him, while fresh cries of 'Shelley!' 'Shelley!' 'Shelley!' finally shattered his nerves.

"The crisis was reached for which his tormentors waited—an outburst of mad rage, in which the boy's eyes flashed fire, his cheeks grew white, his whole body trembled and shook.

"Tired at length of a spectacle that was



ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN J. A. HERBERT:
LADY MARY FOX-STRANGWAYS.

rounded like a stag at bay, he would utter a prolonged and piercing shriek, while his tormentors would 'nail' him to the wall with balls slimy with mud.

"A voice would cry 'Shelley!' And 'Shelley!' another voice would take it up. The old walls would re-echo to yells of 'Shelley!' in every key. A lickspittle fag would pluck at the victim's jacket; another would pinch him; a third would kick away the books

Continued.]

embarrassed on seeing him, for, however free he was from convention, he could not help feeling that his presence at that late hour in a young girl's bed-room was hardly discreet.

"Westbrook, however, showed himself all geniality. 'Sorry I can't stop with you, but I've got friends downstairs. Perhaps you'll join us presently?'"

"Shelley thanked him and declined. The friends of Westbrook had no attraction for

be invited to one of these balls. 'Everybody goes to them,' she said. Shelley, distressed, looked up at the sky. 'Everybody! Who is this mythical monster? Have you ever seen it, Mary?'"

Poor Mary probably devoured the "Ladies' Column" of that day. From this she would doubtless derive the notion that all sorts of beautiful and entrancing things were happening in which she had no share. Shelley knew better. "All these social worries, balls and dinner-parties, seemed to Shelley of an incredible vulgarity. When he was a boy of twenty, he had judged fashionable life as criminal; now it appeared to him contemptible, which was much more serious."

Shelley had fallen in love with the sea. He declared—as I said on my own responsibility at the outset—that he ought to have been a sailor. If his silly old father had sent him to sea instead of to Eton, Shelley would have known something about the management of a boat, and would not have been drowned at the age of thirty. Thus are the purposes of the gods diverted. Or was it foredoomed that this splendid life should be ended at thirty?

The Final Scene.

The last scene of all was as terrible as imagination could picture it, and M. Maurois spares us nothing in the way of detail. I am not going to quote the description—you can read it for yourself; but this little bit I must give, because it is about the only decent utterance of Byron's in the whole volume:

"The soldiers dug for nearly an hour without finding the exact place. [Shelley had been temporarily buried on the shore where he was washed up.] Suddenly a dull, hollow sound following the blow of a mattock warned them that the iron had struck a skull. Byron shuddered. He thought of Shelley during the storm on Lake Lemman, whose crossed arms, heroic yet impotent, had seemed to him at the time an accurate symbol of his life. 'How brutally mistaken men have been about him! He was without exception the best and least selfish man I ever knew. And as perfect a gentleman as ever crossed a drawing-room.'"

I ought to add that this fascinating book has been most excellently translated from the French by Ella D'Arcy.

Lady Norah Bentinck's "Wanderings."

A very charming frontispiece—a portrait of the author in 1923—prepares the reader for a very charming and interesting book. Lady Norah Bentinck covers an immense canvas. She has travelled all over the world, and is ready to talk to you in her entertaining fashion of every place she has visited. The book bristles with big names, naturally, and you will find human little stories tacked on to these tremendous titles. Whatever subject may interest you, from music to foxhounds and from spiritualism to the theatre, you will discover some discussion about it in this handsome and profusely illustrated volume. (Forgive me if I sometimes write like a publisher's advertisement. They do these things so well nowadays that one is bound, sooner or later, to come under the influence.)

Here is a passage or two about "attraction" which will simply thrill to the marrow any young woman who happens to read this brief review:

"My aunt Blanche, my father's eldest sister, had a fascinating personality, and was adored by the poor people. Her lovely white skin, blue eyes, and bright golden hair went far to give the impression of

beauty. Though not really pretty, I have always been told that she was wonderfully attractive.

How to Attract.

"What, after all, is attraction, and how does it differ from charm? Perhaps in so far that, roughly, there is only one kind of charm and many kinds of attraction."

"The maiden—pretty, of course—who promptly winks at a young man the minute she meets him might be dubbed attractive by him, yet charm might not be hers."

"Of the many kinds of attraction, the sort that doesn't depend chiefly on good looks is the most effective; indeed, in many cases looks are the least important ingredient in the subtle mixture known as attraction. Intense vitality, pressed down and running over, is one of its fundamental characteristics. . . ."

"Add to this a melodious speaking-voice, an occasional child-like helplessness, a knack of listening well, side-glancing eyes, demure silences, and the natural possession of 'little ways,' and we have an attractive woman."

I don't think I ought to pursue the theme further. A chapter of this kind should be labelled "Women Only," and then no self-respecting man would ever glance at it. I used to think all these allurements came from Nature. But when we proceed to discourse of beauty specialists—!

Ariel: A Shelley Romance. By André Maurois. (The Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

My Wanderings and Memories. By Lady Norah Bentinck. (Fisher Unwin; 15s. net.)



INTERESTED IN THE ENHAM VILLAGE CENTRE: MME. BERTHA MOORE, O.B.E., AND MISS MARJORIE MOORE.

Mme. Bertha Moore, O.B.E., and her daughter, Miss Marjorie Moore, are at present raising funds for the cottages required for disabled ex-Service men at the Enham Village Centre, by giving song-and-story recitals in private houses. One of the cottages to be built at Enham will be named after the Prince of Wales, and another after the Duke of Connaught, who is Patron of the Enham Village Centre. Both the Prince and the Duke of Connaught have contributed towards the erection of these houses.

Photograph by Ernest H. Mills.

him. He sat beside Harriet's bed, with Eliza near by. She was in eloquent vein, speaking at great length on the entralling subject of Love. Harriet complained of a headache; she could not stand the noise of conversation.

"Very well, then," said Eliza, "I'll go away."

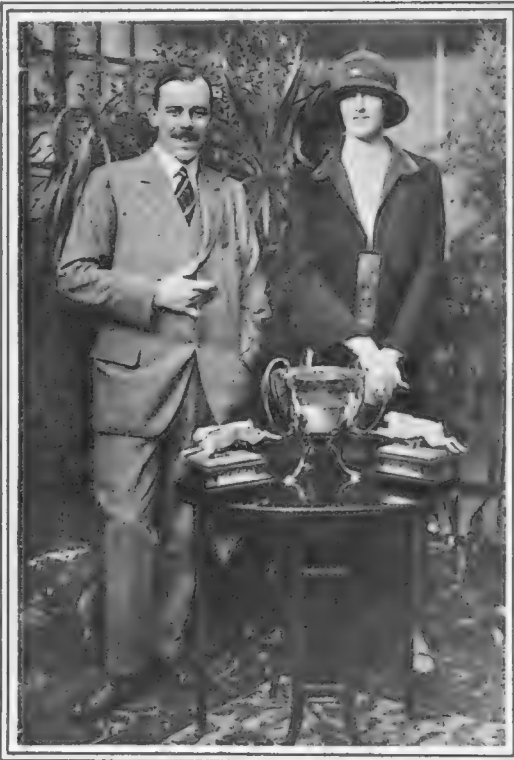
"The two young things were left alone until long after midnight, while Westbrook's friends drank and roared below."

"Next day Harriet was quite well."

A not very pretty little story, but prettily told. One is allowed to appreciate simplicity of style in a French writer.

Mary Shelley. From Harriet—who could never have expected to retain a poet ensnared by a plot—Shelley passed to his Mary. Mary was a more suitable mate, but she had her weaknesses. She wanted "society." She hankered to go everywhere.

"There was a certain Mrs. Beauclerc, gayest of English ladies in Pisa, who gave balls, 'being afflicted,' as Byron said, 'with a litter of seven daughters all at the age when these animals are obliged to waltz for their livelihood.' Mary's fixed idea was to



WITH THEIR PRESENTATION CUP AND SILVER HARES: CAPTAIN THE HON. EVAN AND LADY MAUD BAILLIE, JOINT-MASTERS OF THE HIGH PEAK HARRIERS.

The marriage of Captain the Hon. Evan Baillie, elder son of Baroness Burton, to Lady Maud Mackintosh, eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire, took place recently. Our photograph shows Captain and Lady Maud Baillie, who are Joint-Masters of the High Peak Harriers, with the silver hares presented to them by the members of the High Peak Hunt, and the loving cup given by the farmers.

Photograph by Hunters.

Born 1820
Still going Strong!



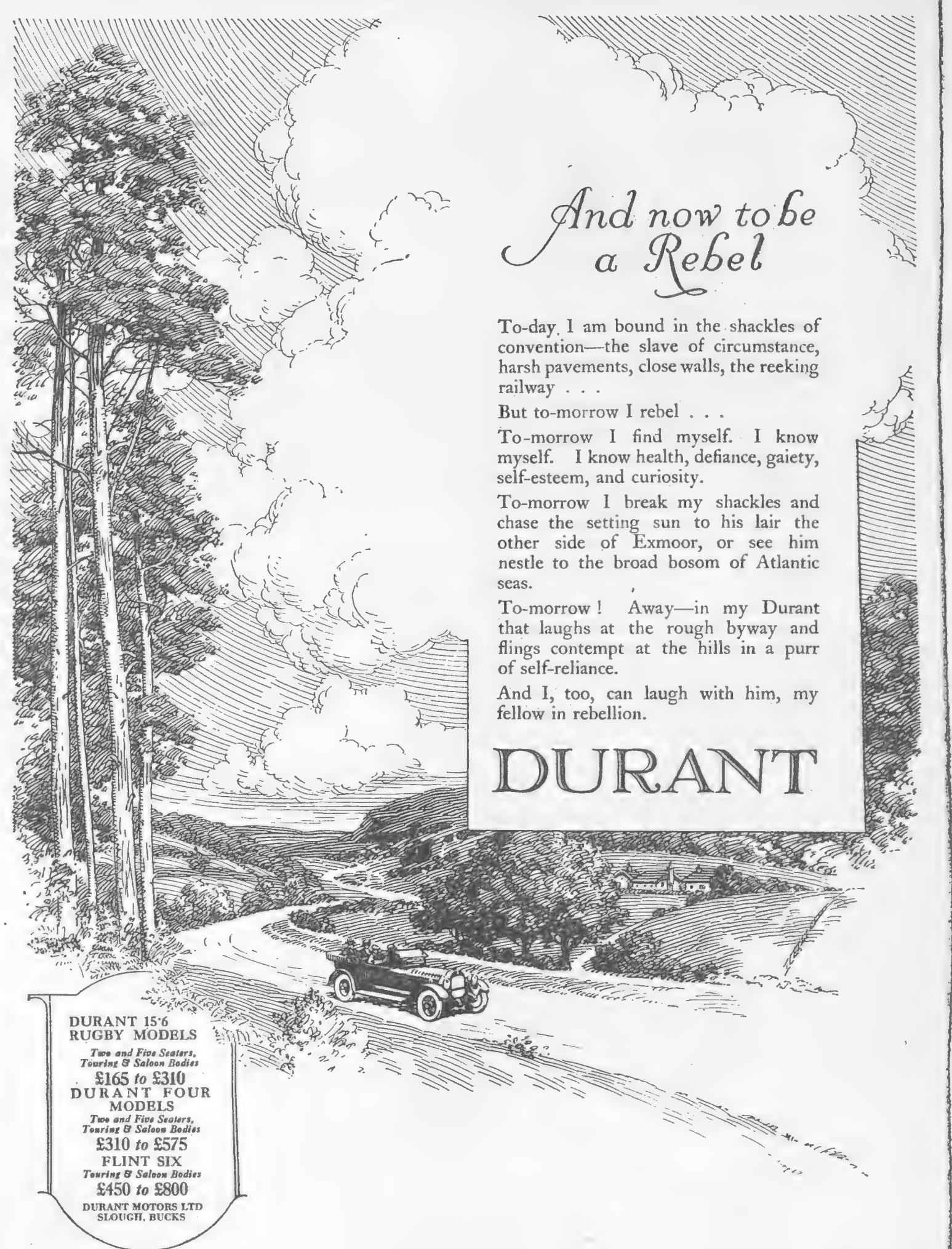
LITERARY SPIRIT SERIES NO. 9

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON at the RED LION, WENDOVER. A picturesque survival of the days of the Civil War with the fireplace intact at which the Roundhead Commanders foregathered. Robert Louis Stevenson is said to have stayed here in 1875.

Johnnie Walker: "I have heard your words described as the
Distilled essence of Scotland."

Shade of
Robert Louis
Stevenson;

"I could never dispute that title with you."



And now to be a Rebel

To-day, I am bound in the shackles of convention—the slave of circumstance, harsh pavements, close walls, the reeking railway . . .

But to-morrow I rebel . . .

To-morrow I find myself. I know myself. I know health, defiance, gaiety, self-esteem, and curiosity.

To-morrow I break my shackles and chase the setting sun to his lair the other side of Exmoor, or see him nestle to the broad bosom of Atlantic seas.

To-morrow! Away—in my Durant that laughs at the rough byway and flings contempt at the hills in a purr of self-reliance.

And I, too, can laugh with him, my fellow in rebellion.

DURANT

DURANT 15'6 RUGBY MODELS

*Two and Five Seaters,
Touring & Saloon Bodies*

£165 to £310

DURANT FOUR MODELS

*Two and Five Seaters,
Touring & Saloon Bodies*

£310 to £575

FLINT SIX

Touring & Saloon Bodies

£450 to £800

DURANT MOTORS LTD
SLOUGH, BUCKS

Motor Dicta. By Heniochus.

Cross-Country Touring Cars.

It is rather amusing to note that now as the roads are being improved all over the world, the motor manufacturers have all at once begun to talk loudly about their cars that can travel across country without the assistance of man-made tracks. Now, ten or fifteen years ago this would have been most useful, and no doubt would have sold quite a large number of their wares. But imagine anyone bothering to buy a chain-track caterpillar Citroën-Kegresse for use in England. Of course, as motoring becomes more popular, and the roads are even more crowded on favourite routes than at present, motor-owners may take to the fields and so desire to become proprietors of a chassis like the Holle, with its independent drive for each wheel and four-wheel steering, to enable them to climb about Box Hill and similar off-road routes. But I can well imagine the terror of the courting couples on a summer's evening, cosily sheltered from the light breezes behind a gorse bush, when all of a sudden they are charged down by the cross-country motorist whose periscope failed to reveal their presence. Also there are only a certain number of open commons where the would-be traveller on little-used routes could venture, and so these might become unduly crowded in a very short while if the cross-country motor carriage became popular. Mr. Lucas, of the North-Lucas car, once gave me some demonstrative examples of how that car with its independent springing could mount any high kerb and drop off it without causing the occupants of the car any inconvenient jolt in the process. But as I do not like mounting the kerb and terrifying the people on the footpath, its prowess in this direction left me quite cold. Perhaps for goods haulage in our Colonies some of these "no-road required" motors will prove useful; but why people should worry about them for Europe still puzzles me. Even when one has conquered a desert there does not seem to be any profit attached to it; and, alas! that is the only thing that counts nowadays.

Anglo-American Car Production.

There is a quiet persistence in the methods of the U.S.A. motor-manufacturing firms that will no doubt bring them to the goal they are aiming for. Already the Ford works outside Manchester produced some 27,000 Ford vehicles, 90 per cent. British-made in materials and labour, last year; the Willys-Overland Crossley works, also at Manchester, produced some hundreds of Willys-Overland cars of about 70 per cent. British make; and this year we have that eminent firm, General Motors, Ltd., producing at Hendon the four-seated Chevrolet at the price of £190—at present 30 per cent. British-built, but will be 90 per cent. in a short while. Also the imported units

for assembling the Chevrolet come from the Canadian factories of this U.S.A. firm—the engine, clutch, gear-box, and back axle. Frames, springs, wheels and bodies are built here, and no doubt in a short time the Chevrolet will become, like the Ford and the Willys-Overland, practically a British-built vehicle. Also, as the works at Hendon are of considerable acreage, no doubt when the Chevrolet is in full production in England, General Motors, Ltd., will start building Buicks here as well. Now, though, of course,



OUTSIDE THE LICHGATE OF FARNHAM (BUCKS) CHURCH: A DURANT RUGBY SALOON.

The smart-looking Durant Rugby saloon has been reduced in price, and now stands at £275.

the profits that may arise from the sale of such assembled and partly produced cars in England go back to the U.S.A., yet who is to cavil when the major outlay is paid to British labour? Also American capital is justly entitled to its dividend. And, moreover, it will soon be extremely difficult to

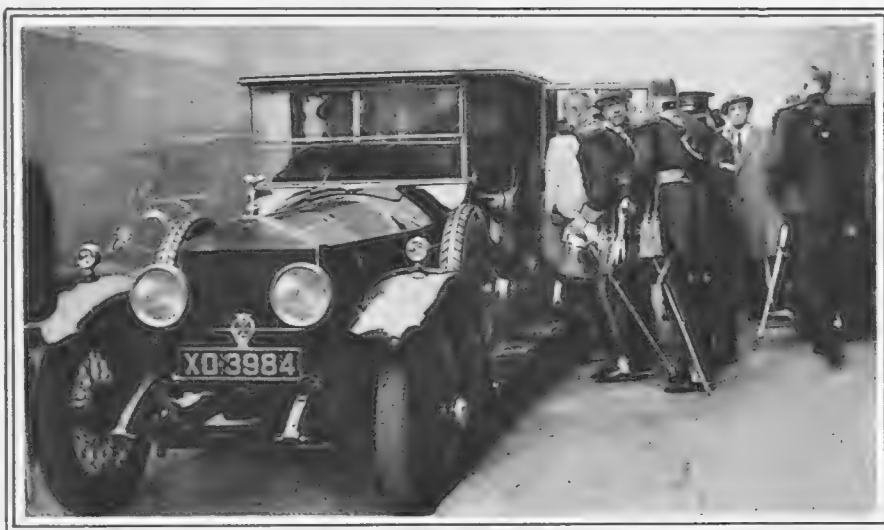


run in July by the Edinburgh M.C., and the route taken is devoid of freak hills, yet passes through some of the most attractive scenery in Scotland. The desire of the Edinburgh Club is that some of our Southern motorists should take a part of their holidays in the North, and so the club has taken particular care to make the regulations of their

Trial simple and easy for all. Thus, although the time-allowance has been reduced to two minutes, late or early, a competitor can arrive as early as he pleases at the red flag one hundred yards from every check; and should he be doubtful as to his watch agreeing with the official time, he can walk down and check it, so as to bring his car past the line dead on time. Simple, is it not? Also there are no secret checks on the route, and everything is being done to make the affair as pleasant as possible for everybody. Some 1100 miles will be covered in the six days of the trial, the run from Edinburgh to Inverness being the first day's programme. Two days will be spent probably in runs from, and returning to Inverness at night before proceeding from that town to Oban. From Oban to Edinburgh on the fifth day, and from Edinburgh to Berwick and back will conclude the trial, with two or three observed hills included in the route each day. As the weather is usually good in Scotland about this time of year, it seems an excellent way for a young couple to spend a holiday, if they do not mind getting up early in the morning and driving about two hundred miles each day. For they get the joys of the Highlands, sharing with a crowd of their fellow-beings as intent on having a good time as they are. And young folks enjoy themselves much better in a large party than by themselves.

Kop Hill Competition. The Essex Motor Club will hold

their annual hill-climb at Kop Hill, near Princes Risborough, on March 29, starting about 1.30 p.m. This is the first of the big competitions, which only continue in order that the trade drivers can win cups and medals for their firms to advertise. There is sure to be a big entry of cars of all types, including racing and sport-



OFF TO ATTEND THE LEVÉE: MEMBERS OF HIS MAJESTY'S BODYGUARD EMBARKING IN A ROLLS-ROYCE.

differentiate between these Anglo-American car productions and purely British cars.

Competitions as Holiday Runs.

Amateur owner-driver motorists are being tempted by several prominent clubs to take their holidays while enjoying the zest of competition-driving this year. For instance, the Scottish Six Days' Trial is to be

ing models, so that, as a spectacle, it is well worth running down to see, as the visitor can get an admirable view of practically the full length of hill. The days have passed when cars cannot climb any hill they may encounter on tour; so to-day these hill-climbing contests are but reminiscent of the gladiator fights of old, spectacular but unconvincing.

When Golf Rules Become Riddles.

By R. Endersby Howard.



The Handy Man.

I wonder just how many problems of the rules arise in the course of a week on the golf courses of the country? In the life of the secretary of a club there is nothing more certain than that at intervals people will knock at his door to explain something that happened in a match or a competition, the doubts that existed in the minds of both players as to what they should have done in the circumstances, and their desire to have the point settled by his decision. The secretary of a club needs to be not only an accountant, a staff manager, an expert buyer of manures and weed-killers, a good friend to every member, a kind father to the caddies, a man of skill in course up-keep, a conciliator in committee, and a willing opponent when anybody turns up and cannot get a match; he must have also every rule of the game at his fingers' ends, or else be set down as a mere ornament, lacking in the very knowledge that he ought to possess.

Heckling the Rules Committee.

The next volume of decisions to be issued by the Rules Committee will contain the official finding on a point that must have been thought out with refined cunning. For it is fairly certain that many of these problems do not occur in actual play, but are conceived during conversation in the dining-room or smoking-lounge, and sent for arbitration by people who agree to have a wager as to what the answer will be. In this case, the question is based on Definition 13, which says that a "stroke" is the forward movement of the club made with the intention of striking the ball, or any contact between the head of the club and the ball resulting in movement of the ball. The party stating the case put forward the wholly admissible argument that in certain circumstances when playing a shot in a bunker the golfer has no intention of striking the ball. He aims two or three or four inches behind it, so that the disturbance of the sand will dislodge the ball from the hazard. This is, indeed, a familiar every-day bunker shot; it is the method taught by all instructors for recovering from a heavy lie in sand. It has been accepted for so long that nobody is likely to be alarmed to the degree of abandoning it. Still, there is the technicality. The player has no intention of striking the ball. Consequently, if he fails to move it, does the effort count as a stroke at all? Solomon in all his glory never had such worries as these.

A Putting Habit.

To be sure, many of the points submitted by the breezy-looking individual who obviously has not committed any breach

and his sorrowful-looking friend who wants to pay the full penalty if he has done wrong are covered by rules. On the other hand, some questions on the rules are thoroughly perplexing. One of the leading amateurs, whose golf was developed after the war, had a curious habit on the putting-green. When addressing the ball, he would not merely ground the club in front of it; he would lift the club to and fro over the ball, and each time give the ground in

the rule which says that nothing may be pressed down with the club or in any other way. And then he went so completely off his game as to be a certain loser.

Close Quarters.

Inexhaustible is the variety of curious incidents on the golf course. These are two engaging happenings recently related to me. The scene of the first was a course in Middlesex. The shots of both sides appeared to go into the same bunker. But when the players arrived, only one ball could be found. It lay tightly in a small heel-mark. A long search—the full five minutes and more—was made for the other ball, both in the hazard and around it. No trace of it could be found. Ultimately its owner gave up the hole. His opponent thereupon lifted his ball out of the heel-mark, and there, beneath it, was the "lost" ball! How could the cause of perfect equity have been met in such a case as this? And even if it had been known that one ball was covering the other, could the top ball have been lifted—out of a hazard—to enable the other man to play; or would its proprietor have had to tackle the shot with almost the certainty of striking both balls?

A Harvest.

The other incident might be called "the pawnbroker shot." A player drove into the bracken. He found the ball lying in the thick of the fern, but visible. He made a mighty swipe at it, and up came three balls—his own, and two more from the undergrowth! Hence the term "the pawnbroker shot." As the tale was related to me, all the balls were of the same make; they flew in various directions, and the player could not for the life of him tell which was his. This happened, I am told, at Walton Heath during a meeting of the Old Carthusian Golfing Society. I have heard of people seeing double, but the circumstance of seeing treble is convincing.

Condensation.

It would not be a bad thing if an expert sub-editor, with a profound knowledge of the spirit and practice of golf, were appointed by the Royal and Ancient Club to go through the rules and cut them down to bare essentials, reserving all the laws on points which do not often arise for a supplementary list, to which recourse could be had when necessity arose. If the rules were much briefer (if they were made so even by ruthless excisions), the main points, and perhaps the real spirit of the game, would be understood by a far greater number of people than at present. That veteran ex-champion, Mr. John E. Laidlay, hit the nail on the head when the subject was under discussion on one occasion. "I don't know much about the rules," he confessed. "All I know is that I play the ball unless it gets into a place where I can't play it, and then I pick it up and put it in my pocket." And that, after all, is golf.



THE LONDON LADIES' FOURSOMES AT WALTON HEATH: THE HON. MRS. BERESFORD, MRS. K. MORRICE, MRS. HEWETSON, MRS. GUEDALLA, MISS MARSHALL, AND MRS. KNIGHT.

The London Ladies' Foursomes at Walton Heath played their matches in delightful weather last week. Our group shows players and spectators. Mrs. Knight and Miss Marshall were the Sandy Lodge pair; Mrs. K. Morrice played for Chislehurst with Mrs. Lionel Jackson.

Photograph by S. and G.

front a sharp tap. He was quite unconscious of his ways until, in the final of a big tournament, the referee pointed out to him that he was going very near to infringing



PLAYING OUT OF THE ROUGH: MISS CECIL LEITCH IN THE LONDON LADIES' FOURSOMES AT WALTON HEATH.

Miss Cecil Leitch, partnered by Mrs. Olaf Hambro, played for Addington in the London Ladies' Foursomes at Walton Heath, and was defeated by the Worpleston pair, Miss Joyce Wethered and Mrs. Latham Hall, in the second round.—[Photograph by S. and G.]

A Wise Man's Cabinet.



You can buy the Compactom Clothing Cabinet wherever really good furniture is sold.

Models are being displayed this month in the windows of the following Agents :

ABERDEEN	John Alexander & Co.
BELFAST	Thomas & Co.
BIRMINGHAM	Sassons, Ltd.
BLACKPOOL	Elysium.
BOURNEMOUTH	J. J. Allen, Ltd.
BRADFORD	Brown, Muff & Co., Ltd.
BRIGHTON	Colbourne & Co., Ltd.
BRISTOL	Charles, Ltd.
CARDIFF	James Howell & Co., Ltd.
COVENTRY	J. R. Holbrook & Co.
DERBY	W. Twigg.
DUNDEE	Thos. Justice & Sons, Ltd.
EASTBOURNE	George Brown & Co., Ltd.
EDINBURGH	John Taylor & Son, Ltd.
GLASGOW	Muir Simpsons, Ltd.
GUERNSEY	Lovell & Co., Ltd.
HALIFAX	W. L. Dransfield & Son.
HANLEY	Bratt & Dyke.
HASTINGS	F. C. Sinden.
LANCASTER	Johnson & Sons.
LEAMINGTON	E. Francis & Sons.
LEEDS	Denby & Spinks.
LEICESTER	John Sharpe & Co., Ltd.
LIVERPOOL	FINNIGANS LTD.
MANCHESTER	Sopwith & Co., Ltd.
NEWCASTLE	Cole & Co.
NEWMARKET	Smart & Brown, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM	Thomsons, Ltd.
PETERBOROUGH	Heelas, Sons & Co.
READING	Shepherd & Hedger.
SOUTHAMPTON	H. Binns, Son & Co., Ltd.
SUNDERLAND	Hall & Armitage.
WAKEFIELD	Price's Stores, Ltd.
WALSALL	Pendlebury & Co.
WARRINGTON	Griffins, Ltd.
WIGAN	Richmond's Furnishing Stores.
WOLVERHAMPTON	Charles, Ltd.
WORCESTER	Jordan & Cook.
WORTHING	

The Compactom Clothing Cabinet

The preference for the Compactom Clothing Cabinet is due to the steadily spreading conviction that it is the most efficient, sensible and economical dressing device that has ever been developed—a tribute which only a Cabinet of the finest quality can merit.

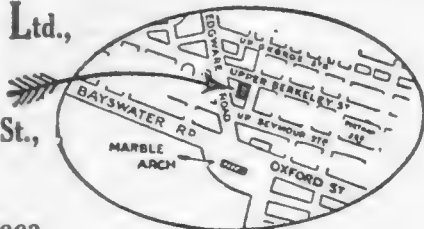
In addition to its obvious capacity it displays every article to view, allows a free withdrawal and replacement of suits, shirts, ties, etc., etc., without disturbance or crush.

It is beautiful in design, perfect in detail, and in point of structural solidity unexcelled.

COMPACTOM, Ltd.,

"VANTAGE HOUSE,"
41-44, Upper Berkeley St.,
London, W.1.

'Phone : Paddington 5002.



29½ Guineas.

Delivered free in England, Scotland and Wales.

Purchase by Deferred Payments may be arranged.

We think you will eventually like to see our Catalogue. May we send one now?



Jeanne Lanvin

will show her latest models by invitation only at 21-22 Grosvenor Street (Phone Mayfair 108) from March 24th to 28th.

■ Cannes ■ Deauville ■ Biarritz ■ Madrid ■
 ■■■■ Barcelone ■ Buenos-Aires ■■■■
 ■■■■ Rio de Janeiro ■ Sao-Paulo ■■■■

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By MABEL HOWARD.



The fashionable plissé tablier appearing in front of this attractive spring frock ties at the back like a maid's apron. It may be studied in the Small Women's Department at Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W.

Some Amusing Accessories Adorning Spring Toilettes.

Back to the Middle Ages (with perhaps a suggestion of reaching Methuselah next year) have journeyed several famous dress-designers in search of inspiration for completing their new spring toilettes. Or so it appeared to me, at least, when I was shown one frock of flaring draperies, a small bag like a mediæval chatelaine pendent from the centre of a narrow girdle; and another of demure grey kasha unmistakably introducing the Crusader's *ceinture de chasteté* in the guise of a golden padlock and key fastening the low belt. Less bizarre, but wonderfully effective, were the finishing touches which perfected every creation shown by Reville, Hanover Square, W., in a recent parade of mannequins. With many beautiful evening frocks were worn large jewelled crosses suspended by long silver chains, their iridescent colourings gleaming softly against backgrounds of sombre black or handsome brocade. A simple coat frock of red kasha had the low belt of deep navy-blue secured by two vivid scarlet seals; and, matching a handkerchief frock of flowered crêpe-de-Chine, trailed from the wrist of another mannequin a spray of delicately tinted artificial flowers.



Trimmings of Panther, Lion, and the Domestic Coq. A deep collar of panther appeared unexpectedly in one graceful scarlet coat shown by Reville; and another of soft black marocain was completed by a narrow border and collar of lion. Then a delightful wrap coat in gay tapestry colourings boasted a deep border and collar formed by masses of *coq's* feathers. As an admirable foil to this amusing model came a stately cape of black satin, embroidered with pearls and lined with white georgette, on which appeared large crosses of velvet reminiscent of the famous emblem of St. George. At the back of the cloak hung two large boas of ostrich feathers, one black and the other white, reaching almost from neck to hem. With this was worn a simple chemise frock of Toile de Jouey, showing a striking Cubist design in black on a white background. I was interested to see many attractive variations of the handkerchief scarf. One sleeveless frock was completed by a long, beautifully shaded handkerchief attached to a bracelet worn on the arm; while in another it was restored to its normal position round the throat, but had developed in an unexpected manner. Expressed in rust-coloured kasha, exceedingly long and wide, it was wrapped loosely round the shoulders and fastened at the side with two large gold hooks, the ends being wound round one arm with the graceful sweep of an Arab's burnous.



An attractive cape scarf is introduced in this distinctive three-piece suit from Dickins and Jones. It is expressed in soft marocain, reinforced by rows of gay tapestry embroidery and quaint tassels.



A Chinese lantern clearly inspired this graceful frock of crêpe-de-Chine, with alternate plain and plissé panellings, sketched at Dickins and Jones.

A Salon Devoted to Small Women.

Every small woman will agree that a vote of thanks is due to Dickins and Jones, Regent Street, W., who have just opened a salon devoted entirely to their needs. It adjoins the mantle department, and it was there I saw the three attractive models pictured on this page. The gay spring frock on the left is of white marocain, with sleeves and tiny bolero expressed in a pretty figured design. The plissé apron front ties at the back with a narrow sash, revealing a plain underskirt. On the right is a Chinese-lantern frock introducing alternate plain and plissé panels of wine-coloured and figured crêpe-de-Chine. A novel cape scarf is introduced in the three-piece suit of marocain portrayed in the centre of the page. The long jumper is enhanced by two rows of quaint tapestry embroidery and an amusing row of silken tassels. The loose cape, with its long flowing draperies and tassels, makes an admirable wrap for spring days, as it can be worn open or wrapped closely round the figure, according to every change of the versatile weather.

Coats and Suits from the Same Department.

In addition to these delightful frocks are well-cut coats and suits for every type of small figure, and an illustrated catalogue will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply, mentioning the name of this paper. [Continued overleaf.]



WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard.

Continued.

Cloaks and Frocks.

Fashion's latest caprice of evening cloaks to harmonise with frocks is certainly a happy inspiration; and the fascinating *ensemble* pictured on this page proves how attractive

coat frocks at equally pleasant prices. One, of navy-blue repp, opening on a panel of cyclamen moiré, and completed with a wide plaited belt, can be secured for 5½ guineas; and well-tailored double-breasted tweed costumes range from 8 guineas. The graceful Eciruum gowns, practically innocent of fastenings, are, of course, a well-known feature, and there are some delightful models cut on these lines, ranging from 6 guineas.

The Tailored Overblouse.

The simple overblouses worn with the new spring suits need careful selection, for they rely entirely on their cut and tailoring to achieve that indefinable air of distinction which characterises them. The two neat affairs pictured

de Dixor is excellent, protecting them against the cold, as well as keeping them soft and white. Velouty de Dixor is obtainable from all chemists and stores of prestige, in two shades, white and ivory, and can be secured in convenient tubes (price 2s.) for carrying in the hand-bag, as well as in jars. To all readers who apply to Debacq and Harrop, 7, Little Goodge Street, W., mentioning the name of this paper and enclosing 6d., three sample tubes will be sent.

An Interesting Exhibition.

Every reader resident north of the Tweed will be interested to note that at the North British Hotel, Edinburgh, Mme. Barri, the well-known dress-designer of 33, New Bond Street, W., will hold an exhibition of her spring models on Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 24, 25 and 26. In addition to gowns, costumes, etc., children's and babies' clothes (a famous speciality of Mme. Barri) will also be shown. Every reader of this paper is cordially invited to attend. [Continued on p. xviii.]



A slender frock of black beauté and silver brocade, designed and carried out by Eciruum, 43, South Molton Street, W. The side draperies are lined with gleaming silver lamé.

it can be in the skilful hands of Eciruum, 43, South Molton Street, W. The frock is of black satin beauté and handsome silver brocade, while the draperies, descending from the left hip, are lined with gleaming silver lamé. The fashionable godet flounce appears in the companion cloak; and a long scarf, finished with silk fringe, completes the picture. It is lined with the soft reverse side of jade satin beauté, and may be purchased for 18½ guineas. The frock is 16 guineas. Eciruum are also responsible for some wonderful beaded evening frocks for 7½ guineas. One attractive affair of the chemise persuasion was carried out in a flame nuance, embroidered with crystals and pearls, and introducing effective touches of black. From the knees descended a simple godet flounce of crêpe-de-Chine. I noticed some attractive



Two well-tailored overblouses from Walpole Bros., 89, New Bond Street, W. They are of heavy crêpe-de-Chine—one laced in the manner of a middy's "blouse," and the other decorated with hand-stitching and tiny pleats.

on this page possess an unmistakable *cachet* which proclaims that they hail from Walpole Brothers, who make a speciality of blouses of this *genre* at each of their three branches: 89, New Bond Street, W.; 108, Kensington High Street, W.; or 175, Sloane Street, S.W. The one on the left (price 59s. 6d.) is of white heavy-weight crêpe-de-Chine, laced at the sides and neck like a middy's jumper, and fitting closely on the hips. The other is of the same material, hand-stitched and slightly gathered at the sides. The cost is 69s. 6d., and there are others at every price, not forgetting the Walpole tailored shirt in pure silk Japshan, boasting hand-made buttonholes, etc., for 16s. 9d. I also saw some delightful tennis frocks in ratine for 17s. 11d., and in zephyr for 21s. 9d. They will be sent on approval on receipt of the usual trade references.

Face Cream and Powder in One.

Although we affect a bland indifference to the frequent ministrations of our powder-puffs in public, every woman secretly regards it as an annoying necessity, and there is always an uneasy feeling lurking in the background that perhaps there is too much, or not enough, powder on the puff (thus causing disastrous results); or—terrible thought—that it has been left behind! These distracting fears are, alas! often well grounded, and it was with the intention of escaping them that I first sought the aid of Velouty de Dixor, a new preparation from Paris which replaces both cream and powder. It imparts a soft, velvety bloom to the face, neck and arms, equal to that of the finest cream and most delicate powder, another important point being that it does not stain the clothes. All that is necessary is gently to massage the cream into the skin, and the beautiful complexion thus attained will withstand onslaughts of changing temperatures. For the hands, too, Velouty



Matching the evening frock on the left, this graceful cloak of black satin beauté and silver brocade is completed by a long, fringed scarf. It must be placed to the credit of Eciruum.

That "Kruschen"
Feeling!



A Healthy Appetite

Breakfast is the finest meal of the day—if you've an appetite for it.

Some people, of course, crawl into the breakfast-room with leaden feet, nibble half-heartedly at a bit of toast, glance mournfully at the paper and wonder why on earth they were born.

Others are ready for breakfast even before breakfast is ready for them. The fragrance of sizzling eggs and bacon is heaven in their nostrils. For what they are about to receive they are truly thankful.

A healthy appetite comes from a healthy body. That is why people who religiously keep up the Kruschen habit—the habit of the "little daily dose"—tackle their breakfast just as heartily as any other meal.

Not One Salt but Six

If Kruschen is the secret of a healthy appetite, what is the secret of Kruschen? The answer lies in the analysis, which shows it to be a blend of six different salts. There are some people who imagine there is little difference between Kruschen Salts and Epsom or Glauber. Actually there is all the difference in the world, because Epsom and Glauber contain each but a single salt, and therefore perform but a single function. They are aperients—and nothing more; they can't give you that famous "Kruschen" feeling.

But Kruschen, with its six salts, not only clears the body of all clogging waste matter and purifies the blood: it has also a most valuable tonic action on the whole system, thrilling every fibre of you with a delightful sense of vitality and well-being.

After taking a few "little daily doses"—tasteless in your breakfast cup of tea—you begin to feel a different person. Gone is that early-morning feeling of depression, of disinclination for food. Gone, too, are your headaches, your "nerves," your tiredness, and your internal troubles. You are healthier and happier in every way.

Remember—it's the little daily dose that does it. Start right away by getting a 1s. 9d. bottle at your chemist's, begin the healthy Kruschen habit to-morrow morning, and you'll soon wonder how you ever existed in the days before you discovered this royal road to happiness.



Tasteless in Tea

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

NOW IN 3 SIZES

Kruschen Salts are now sold by all Chemists in bottles of three sizes at the following prices:—

6d

1/- & 1/9



NICOLL GOWNS

QUALITY AND VALUE

Good work put into the best materials, with prices fixed on the most reasonable basis consistent therewith.

To carry on a vast business in the centre of Regent Street with any other than up-to-date materials and models is unthinkable, in fact, impossible; but whilst extremes of fashion are catered for, there are numbers of designs moderated to please those who prefer the less advanced modes.

NICOLL'S IS THE HOUSE

that provides valuable qualities at reasonable charges; rich materials, good workmanship and exquisite taste in colour blendings and dress designs.

H.J. NICOLL & CO. LTD.
114-120 REGENT STREET W.1

Rue Tronchet PARIS & John Dalton St. MANCHESTER.

Ranee Pearls



RANEE PEARL NECK-
LETS beautifully graduated,
and finished with paste clasp;
ruby, sapphire, emerald,
diamond or pearl centre.

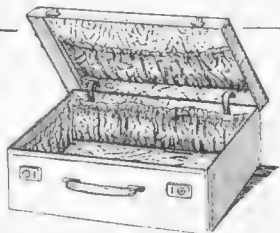
	'A' QUALITY			SUPER QUALITY	
Length 16 in.	2	Gns	Length 16 in.	3	Gns
" 24 in.	4	Gns	" 24 in.	5	Gns
" 30 in.	6	Gns	" 30 in.	7	Gns

Harrods Ltd Knightsbridge London SW 1

BECOMING ARTIFICIAL SILK JUMPERS

HAND-KNITTED JUMPER (as sketch), made from the best quality artificial silk in a crossover shape, with narrow roll collar and long sleeves, finishing with a point over the hand. Specially designed for a matronly figure. In all the new season shades.

Price
94/6



LADIES' BLOUSE CASE. Exceptionally well made, with Nut colour Cowhide, pockets in Lid, back and ends, most convenient size. Weight only 4½ lbs. Size 18 ins. X 12 ins. X 6 ins. 23/11

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW TEA GOWNS IN Rich Quality Materials

TEA GOWN in good quality silk georgette cut on exceptionally becoming lines, overskirt, which forms a graceful drapery in front only, is daintily trimmed lace to correspond with shoulder and sleeve draperies. In black, white and a large range of the newest colours.

PRICE
6½ Gns.



New Patent Leather, 1-bar, low heel, also in patent and cinnamon, suede back, patent and grey.
Price 45/9



"The Secret of Slenderness" THE NEW "CORSLO-JUNO"

The full-figured woman who wishes to follow the present fashion must aim at supple straightness as being the next best thing to actual slenderness. The new "Corslo-Juno" is ready to help her to the easy achievement of this desirable and graceful effect—and to prevent the ugly "bunched-up" look which so often results from the wear of too tight or too stiff a corset. It is made on the same principle as the already famous "Corslo," and combines bust bodice, corset and hip belt, but it is adapted to its special purpose by the introduction of extra and firmer bones in front and other bonings at the back where, moreover, it is laced instead of buttoned, so that its fitting may be more easily regulated. It can be depended upon to mould even the fullest figure into the most fashionable straightness of line, and to give the necessary support without any feeling of compression, while its beautiful unbroken lines are a perfect foundation for the latest day, evening and dance frocks, and also for sports costumes. The "Corslo-Juno" is a revelation of comfort for the summer months at home, and for tropical wear at all times. It can be washed as easily and as often as ordinary undergarments. The original "Corslo" still remains the most popular wear for slight and medium figures.

"LE CORSLO-JUNO" (as sketch) Hip Belt and Bust Bodice combined, made of cotton tricot, laced at back with two sets of steels, also two short steels in centre front, removable for washing. Measurements required: Bust, waist and hips.

PRICE
63/-

In best quality satin ... 5½ Gns.
In best quality silk tricot ... 51 Gns.

**Debenham
& Freebody**

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1

Sent on approval.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.



By Appointment

By Appointment

There is a Henry Heath agent in your district.

ABERDEEN, W. J. Milne, Ltd.
ABERGAVENNY, Daniels.
ABERYSTWYTH, T. Ellis and Co.
ALDERLEY EDGE, Mrs. Rathbone.
ALDRSHOT, Thomas White and Co., Ltd.
ALNWICK, Kate Douglas.
ALTON, Bernard Johnson.
ALTRINCHAM, Nellie Dennett.
ASCOT, Mme. Ginette.
AYLESBURY, F. Longley.
BALLYMENA, E. Getty and Co.
BANBURY, Mmes. Jeremy and Shephard.
BANBURY, W. H. Robeson.
BANGOR, G. O. Griffith and Son.
BANGOR, Wartski's.
BARNLEY, Salon de Luxe.
BARNARD CASTLE, E. D. Rudd.
BARNSTAPLE, Radford and Yeo.
BASINGSTOKE, Harry Cater.
BATH, F. Ealand and Co.
BATH, Jolly and Son, Ltd.
BATH, R. King and Son.
BEDFORD, Harry Hills.
BEDFORD, E. P. Rose and Son, Ltd.
BELFAST, Florence Graham.
BELFAST, Kyle and Cheyne.
BELFAST, Ulster Arcade, Ltd.
BELFAST, McAlisters, Ltd.
BERWICK-ON-TWEED, Paxter and Purves, Ltd.

BEXHILL-ON-SEA, Pring and Butler.
BIDEFORD, Merefield and Trapnell.
BIRKENHEAD, Robb Bros., Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM, Fordred's.
BIRMINGHAM, Lewis's, Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM, Marcell, Ltd.
BIRMINGHAM, Durely Ray.
BISHOP'S STORTFORD, Lena Tabiner.
BLACKBURN, Pierre Stultiens, Ltd.
BLACKPOOL, Hargreaves and Dawson.
BLACKPOOL, Parry and Parker.
BLANDFORD, H. Garret and Sons.
BOGNOR, Mme. Deeks.
BOSTON, Richard Coney.
BOURNEMOUTH, Bright's Stores, Ltd.
BRADFORD, Brown, Muff and Co., Ltd.
BRADFORD, Mmes. Holmes, Ltd.
BRADFORD, J. Holmes and Co., Ltd.
BRADFORD, Parkinson and Clark, Ltd.
BRADFORD, Eckersley and Sagar.
BRIDGEND, C. Stuchbery.
BRIDGWATER, Philipps & Co.
BRIDLINGTON, Mme. Bartley.
BRIGHTON, G. Brown and Co., Ltd.
BRIGHTON, Chipperfield and Butler, Ltd.
BRISTOL, J. P. Taylor and Son, Ltd.
BROADWAY, WORCS., Lily Pousonby.
BROMLEY, F. Medhurst, Ltd.
BURNHAM-ON-SEA, E. L. Morgan.
BURNLEY, P. L. Nicoll, Ltd.
BURY ST. EDMUNDS, W. Plumpton and Sons.

BUXTON, J. Milligan and Son, Ltd.
CAMBRIDGE, Geo. Stace.
CANTERBURY, Martins (Canterbury), Ltd.
CARDIFF, James Howell and Co., Ltd.
CARDIFF, E. Roberts, Ltd.
CARLISLE, Samuel Jesper, Ltd.
CARMARTHEN, H. Thomas and Son.
CHATHAM, E. Bates, Ltd.
CHELTENHAM, Cavendish House Co., Ltd.
CHELTENHAM, Mme. Wright.
CHESTER, J. Beckett and Co.
CHESTERFIELD, H. J. Cook.
CHICHESTER, Charge and Co.
CHIPPENHAM, W. Hiscock and Co.
CIRENCESTER, F. Boulton and Sons, Ltd.
CLEVEDON, T. Salisbury and Sons.
CLIFTON, BRISTOL, T. S. Richfield.
COLCHESTER, Victoria Bailey.
COLCHESTER, Smith and Son.
COLNE, Rawson and Helme.
COLWYN BAY, Harold Smith.
CORK, J. Dowden and Co., Ltd.
CORK, Miss M. O'Mahoney.
LANCASTER, C. E. Barrow.
COWES (I.W.), Bovilles.
CREWE, Elise.
CRIEFF, N.B., A. and J. Scrimgeour.
CROMER, Rusts, Ltd.
CROYDON, Gran' Bros.
CROYDON, Isobel.
DARLINGTON, H. Binns, Son and Co., Ltd.
DARLINGTON, Luck and Sons.
DARLINGTON, Misses Hutchinson.
DEAL, Chas. Russell and Son.
DERBY, Barlow, Taylor and Co., Ltd.
DEVIZES, J. R. Pritchard.
DEWSBURY, Henry Milnes.
DINGWALL, Ingrams.
DONCASTER, A. Gamman.
DORKING, SURREY, S. H. Banbury and Co.
DORRIDGE, The Ladies of St. James.
DOWNHAM MARKET, Mme. E. Emery, Ltd.
DUBLIN, J. C. Mathieson.
DUBLIN, Styne and Co., Ltd.
DUBLIN, Brown, Thomas and Co., Ltd.
DUBLIN, Tanner, Shire and Byrne.
DUMFRIES, R. Barbour and Sons, Ltd.
DUNDEE, Henderson and Mackay.
DUNDEE, Miss M. Farquharson.
DUNDEE, Mme. Helen.
DUNOON, Cairns Bros.
EASTBOURNE, Mme. Jayne.

EASTBOURNE, Geo. Brown and Co., Ltd.
EAST GRINSTEAD, Rachelle.
EDINBURGH, Stanley, Ltd.
EDINBURGH, Romanes and Paterson.
EDINBURGH, Alexander Wilkie.
EDINBURGH, Cowan, Strachan and Given.
ELGIN, Gordon and Greenstreet.
ELY, Harvey and Sons.
EPSOM, H. L. Reid.
ERDINGTON, BIRM., Mme. Leah Taylor.
EXETER, "Collins".
EXMOUTH, T. Tucker and Son.
FALKIRK, Mackinlay and Thomson, Ltd.
FALMOUTH, J. M. Gooding.
FELIXSTOWE, A. Bolderston.
FOLKESTONE, Whitechurch and Medhurst.
FRINTON-ON-SEA, Sylvia Gray.
GLASGOW, Pettigrew and Stephens, Ltd.
GLASGOW, McDonalds, Ltd.
GLASGOW, Daly and Co.
GLASGOW, W. and A. Paton.
GODALMING, Ballard's.
GLOUCESTER, Dentons (1923) Ltd.
GRANGE-OVER-SANDS, Dorrain and Co.
GRANTHAM, A. Chambers and Co.
GREENOCK, J. and S. Shannon.
GRIMSBY, Guy and Smith, Ltd.
GUERNSEY, N. A. Cobu.
GUILDFORD, Simpson Bros.
HALESWORTH, C. B. Vanstone.

LEAMINGTON, La Maison Cholet.
LEAMINGTON, Paurelles.
LEAMINGTON SPA, Frank Smith and Co.
LEATHERHEAD, Hazel.
LEEDS, Mills and Oakley.
LEEDS, Marshalls, Ltd.
LEEDS, W. Greensmith and Son, Ltd.
LEEDS, H. and D. Hart.
LEICESTER, Adderley and Co., Ltd.
LEICESTER, Mme. Elise.
LEICESTER, J. Johnson and Co., Ltd.
LEICESTER, Gee, Nephew and Co., Ltd.
LEICESTER, Mme. Howe, Ltd.
LEIGHTON BUZZARD, The Paris House.
LEOMINSTER, R. E. Scudamore.
LEWES, Caleb Mitchell, Ltd.
LEWISHAM, Chiesmans.
LINCOLN, C. J. Fox and Co.
LITTLEHAMPTON, Eva Thorman.
LIVERPOOL, T. and S. Bacon.
LIVERPOOL, Bon Marché.
LIVERPOOL, Cripps, Son and Co.
LIVERPOOL, W. Henderson and Son.
LIVERPOOL, Mrs. Jessie Witty.
LLANDUDNO, Marie et Cie.
LLANELLY, Mrs. E. Crocker Jenkins.
LONDONDERRY, Gaff and McRitchie, Ltd.
LOWESTOFT, Tuttle and Sons, Ltd.
LUDLOW, E. W. Lethbridge.
LUTON, Blundell Bros. (Luton), Ltd.

NORTHWICH, Chadwick and Ball.
NORWICH, Chamberlins, Ltd.
NORWICH, Greens.
NOTTINGHAM, Mme. Finetta.
NOTTINGHAM, Jessop and Son, Ltd.
NOTTINGHAM, Griffin and Spalding.
OBAN, W. Chalmers.
OLDHAM, Miss Luchi.
OXFORD, E. Badcock Co., Ltd.
OXFORD, Elliston and Cavell, Ltd.
PAIGNTON, Provie and Co.
PENARTH, Gainsborough.
PENRITH, N. Arnison and Son.
PERTH, James McEwen and Co.
PETERBOROUGH, Freda Howard.
PLYMOUTH, Pophams.
PONTEFRAC, Exley and Sons.
PONTEFRAC, Geo. Exley and Sons.
PONTYPRIDD, Trevor W. Jones.
PORTHCAWL, Elured Pearce.
PRESTON, Elizabeth.
RAMSGATE, Rapsons, Ltd.
RAMSGATE, Lewis and Hyland.
READING, Wellsteads.
REDCAR, Mme. Annette.
REIGATE, Ethel Matthews.
RHYL, S. G. Talbot.
RICHMOND, Mme. Briggs.
ROSS, Bunning and Sowersby, Ltd.
RUGBY, A. and F. Adnitt.
RYDE (I.W.), S. Fowler and Co.
ST. ALBANS, A. J. Dorrell, Ltd.
ST. ANDREWS, N.B., Mrs. Taylor.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA, R. J. Hargreaves.
ST. ANNES-ON-SEA, David Ferguson.
ST. IVES (HUNTS), Claude S. Smith.
ST. LEONARDS-ON-SEA, Philpot and Sons, Ltd.

SALTBYRN-BY-SEA, Pearson Bros.
SCARBOROUGH, Marshall's, Ltd.
SEAFORD, Portsmouth and Freeman.
SEVENOAKS, Young and Son.
SHANKLIN (I.W.), Mme. H. Leonard.
SHEFFIELD, Cole Bros., Ltd.
SHEFFIELD, Marshall's, Ltd.
SHERINGHAM, F. C. Knowles.
SHREWSBURY, E. F. Afford.
SKIPTON, YORKS, W. A. and J. Simpson.
SLEAFORD, T. R. Pert.
SLOUGH, Mme. Sylvia.
SOUTHAMPTON, Tyrell and Green, Ltd.
SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, J. R. Brightwell, Ltd.
SOUTHPORT, Mme. Butterworth, Ltd.
SOUTHPORT, Boothroyds.
SOUTHSEA, Adeline Best.
SOUTHSEA, Bright's Stores, Ltd.
SOUTHSEA, Handleys, Ltd.
SPALDING, Pennington and Sons.
STAFFORD, Turner and Co.
STAMFORD, Mme. Barnard.
STIRLING, T. Menzies and Co.
STOURBRIDGE, Geo. Gardner.
STOCKTON-ON-TEES, E. Wimpenny.
STOWMARKET, Wm. Turner (Stowmarket), Ltd.

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, Mme. Morgan.
SUDBURY, H. A. Bayfield.
SUNDERLAND, H. Binns, Son and Co., Ltd.
SUTTON, SURREY, Wootton Bros. (Sutton), Ltd.
SUTTON COLDFIELD, Suzette.
SWANSEA, Ben Evans and Co., Ltd.
SYDENHAM, Walter Cobb, Ltd.
TAUNTON, Hatcher and Sons, Ltd.
TEIGNMOUTH, E. A. Radford.
TENBY, W. G. Gwatkin.
TETBURY, Mme. E. M. Elsie.
TIVERTON, C. H. Deeks and Son.
TORQUAY, Williams and Cox.
TORQUAY, Maud Willans.
TORQUAY, J. F. Rockey, Ltd.
TROWBRIDGE, T. Deane Smith.
TRURO, J. M. Gooding.
TUNBRIDGE WELLS, J. W. Goldsmith, Ltd.
ULVERSTON, Isabel Dorrain.
UPPER NORWOOD, Rose Veness.
VENTNOR (I.W.), Thurgood Sisters.
VILLA CROSS, BIRMINGHAM, Mme. Corea.
WAKEFIELD, W. H. Kingswell and Son, Ltd.
WALSALL, V. and D. Smith.
WARRINGTON, J. and W. Dutton, Ltd.
WATERLOO, Florence.
WELLINGBOROUGH, Hazel Brown.
WEST KIRBY, Jones and Co., Ltd.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE, Lance and Lance.
WESTON-SUPER-MARE, Cecil Walker.
WEYBRIDGE, A. Bannister.
WEYMOUTH, R. R. Talbot, Ltd.
WHITLEY BAY, Mme. Ryle.
WHITLEY BAY, Agnes Purcell.
WIGAN, Pendlebury and Co., Ltd.
WINCHESTER, T. A. Brown and Sons.
WINDERMERE, Beatrice Herbert.
WINDSOR, Anderson and Pettie.
WISBECH, J. W. Nurse.
WORCESTER, W. K. Hogben.
WORKING, Mme. Emilie.
WOLVERHAMPTON, Aldridge and Beard.
WOLVERHAMPTON, Burslem and Son.
WOOLWICH, G. H. Leavey and Co., Ltd.
WORTHING, Maison Ellis.
WREXHAM, J. and C. Jackson.
YARMOUTH, Palmers.
YEOVIL, Denners.
YORK, Kirby and Nicholson, Ltd.

Practical and Becoming.

For the outdoor woman and for general wear in Town or Country, a Henry Heath Hat is an absolute necessity.

Light and comfortable, Henry Heath Hats withstand the hardest use and the roughest weather. They are always smart, because fashioned by experts, and are in the best of taste for all informal occasions.

For Sports or General Wear.

"BRESO" (Regd.)

A distinctive and refined Hat, light in weight and very comfortable. Made of finest quality fur felt it is adaptable to individual taste. The trimming consists of a band of felt arranged on either side in a wing effect, and encircled by a narrow contrast ribbon. Most suitable for town and country wear. Sizes 6½ to 7½. Price 30/- Colours: Champagne, New Blue, Mignonette Green, Light Grey, Castor, Beaver, Tan, Cuba, Nigger, Carbon, Elephant, Tabac, Navy, Black and White.

A selection of hats will be sent on approval. Look inside the hat for the Regd. Trade Marks.



HALIFAX, F. L. Whiteley and Son.
HALIFAX, Wilkinson and Freeman.
HANLEY, M. Huntbach and Co., Ltd.
HARROGATE, McDonalds, Ltd.
HARROGATE, Marshall's, Ltd.
HARROGATE, Jean Browne.
HARROGATE, W. Greensmith and Son, Ltd.
HASLEMERE, May K. Green.
HASTINGS, White and Norton.
HEREFORD, Maud Mountstephens.
HERNE BAY, Skinner and Son.
HEXHAM, Willoughby and Purvis.
HOLBEACH, Miss M. L. Donson.
HORSHAM, Hunt Bros.
HOYLAKE, Maude Ainsworth.
HUDDERSFIELD, G. Field and Son.
HULL, F. Costello.
HULL, M. Chapman, Ltd.
HULL, Maw, Till, Kirke and Co., Ltd.
HUNTINGDON, S. Fletcher, Ltd.
ILKLEY, A. and L. Brownhill.
INVERNESS, J. E. Gordon.
IPSWICH, F. Corder and Son, Ltd.
JERSEY, A. De Gruchy and Co., Ltd.
KELSO, Rutherford and Turnbull.
KENDAL, Miss J. Leighton.
KENDAL, Miss C. Cleary.
KESWICK, C. F. Straughan.
KETTERING, Mme. Field.
KIDDERMINSTER, N. K. Eddy.
KING'S LYNN, Mme. Eileen.
KINGSTON ON THAMES, Hide and Co.
KIRKCALDY, Misses May.
KNUTSFORD, Miss E. J. Sudlow.

LYTHAM (LANCS), Rhodes and Dugdale.
MAIDENHEAD, J. C. Webber and Sons, Ltd.
MAIDSTONE, G. H. Leavey and Co., Ltd.
GT. MALVERN, Gannaway, Broad and Strachan.
MALMESBURY, G. E. Marmont.
MANCHESTER, Kendal, Milne and Co.
MANSFIELD, Miss E. Johnson.
MARGATE, Rapsons, Ltd.
MARKET HARBOUR, Mme. Emilie.
MERTHYR TYDFIL, Mme. Beatrice Martin.
MERTHYR TYDFIL, W. L. Evans and Co.
MIDDLESBORO, Jessie Bond.
MIDDLESBORO, J. Newhouse, Ltd.
MILFORD-ON-SEA, Edward Knight.
MINEHEAD (SOM.), Floyd and Sons.
MONKSEATON, Dewhurst and Butler.
MONTROSE, W. Ernest Watt.
MORECAMBE, C. E. Barrow.
NEWARK, Miss B. Johnson.
NEWBURY, Camp, Hopson and Co., Ltd.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, M. Barclay, Ltd.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Hugill and Milne.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, J. Taylor.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, Fenwicks, Ltd.
NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, J. Coxon and Co.
NEWCASTLE (STAFFS.), Henry White, Ltd.
NEWMARKET, Jessie Blythe.
NEWPORT (I.W.), J. H. Rees.
NEWPORT (MON.), Reynolds and Co., Ltd.
REDRUTH, CORNWALL, Gribble and Son.
NEWTON ABBOTT, J. F. Rockney, Ltd.
NORTHAMPTON, Admitt Bros.

HENRY HEATH LTD., HAT MAKERS FOR OVER A CENTURY, 105, 107, 109 OXFORD ST., W.1.

THE GRAND NATIONAL AND THE LINCOLN

To see the Great Races is every Sportsman's ambition. Hard lines if you cannot be present at these great sporting events. Whether you go or stay away, be sure you buy

THE GRAND NATIONAL AND LINCOLN NUMBER

The Illustrated

SPORTING & DRAMATIC News

ON SALE EVERYWHERE Friday, MARCH 21st.

The Great Racing Events in Print
————— and Pictures. —————

TWO PLATES IN COLOUR
SERGEANT MURPHY,
MUSIC HALL.

Grand National and Lincoln
Supplement. A striking coloured
cover, and all the usual Stage and
Sporting fixtures.

PRICE ONE SHILLING.



A New Stockinette Jumper

Designed and made by
Harrods.

This fascinating Jumper owes its beauty to the charm of silky stockinette, skilfully fashioned and tastefully hand embroidered back and front with steel beads. Inset sleeves specially designed for the matronly figure. In Black, Grey, Navy, Nigger, and Putty 39/6
In all stock sizes

When ordering ask for the 'Reigate.'

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



Real Filet Lace Trimmed TROUSSEAU SET

For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie, and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used, and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

HANDMADE NIGHTDRESS in thoroughly reliable coloured washing voile, an exact copy of a French model, and made in our own workrooms; square neck and sleeves composed entirely of fine Filet lace attractively trimmed with rows of hand-veining. In pink, ivory, sky, coral, primrose, ochre, eau-de-nil and lilac.

PRICE

29/6

CHEMISE to match . . . 25/9
KNICKERS to match . . . 25/9

In good quality washing; crêpe Velia. In pink, sky, ivory, primrose, per-vanche lilac, peach and eau-de-nil.

NIGHTDRESS 39/6

CHEMISE to match . . . 29/6

KNICKERS to match . . . 29/6

BOUDOIR CAP composed of lace and ribbon 21/9

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.1

Sent on approval.

The Home Beautiful

WONDERFUL VALUES
ECONOMY IN FURNISHINGS
LOOSE COVERS & CURTAINS A SPECIALITY



CRETONNES

LARGE VARIETY OF COLOURS AND DESIGNS RANGING FROM THE VERY LOW PRICE OF 11d. per yd. REVERSIBLE CRETONNES AND PRINTED CASEMENT CLOTHS from 1/11 per yd. SHADOW TISSUES AND TAFFETAS from 2/11 per yd. PLAIN CASEMENT CLOTHS 31 ins. wide, from 10d. per yd., 50 ins. wide, from 1/6 per yd. WOVEN-FIGURED CASEMENT CLOTHS in various designs from 3/6 per yd., 50 ins. wide.



THE "NEWVILLE" CHAIR

COMFORTABLE well-upholstered Chair with Loose Cover as illustration, 67.9. Or covered in plain lining, 48/-.

THE "HADLOW" CHAIR

USEFUL inexpensive Chair, with Loose Cover complete as illustration, 55/-.

Or covered in plain lining, 37.6.

THE "LIBRARY" LOUNGE

GOOD, large, comfortable, well-upholstered Chair, with independent spring edge seat. Covered in Tapestry, £4 10.6.

Or can be covered to suit client's own requirements at proportionate cost.

GREATEST VALUE TO-DAY.



THE "LIBRARY" LOUNGE

Resist Tropical Sun "Sunbush" Sea Air and Washing

UNFADABLE FABRICS

THE original famous fabrics with a world-wide reputation, bearing testimonials from India that the colours are equal to new after many years' exposure.

"SUN-VEIN" CASEMENT CLOTH, 33 shades. Creams from 1/3 per yd. Colours from 1/11 per yd.

"SUN-SYRIAN" CASEMENT CLOTH. The effect of Silk, but better wear. Creams 2/11 per yd. Colours 3/11 per yd., 50 ins. wide.

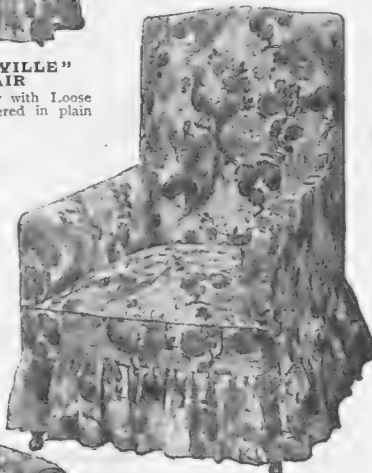
"SUN-VARRA" BOLTON SHEETING. Creams 2/11 per yd. Colours 3/11 per yd.

"SUN-BRIGHT" SATIN. In beautiful shades 6/9 per yd. 50 ins. wide.

"SUN-GLEAM" REP. Decorative fabric, 6/11 per yd., 50 ins. wide.

ALL fabrics pressed, with the word "Sun" are guaranteed unfadable; any length failing to meet this guarantee will be replaced.

THE "HADLOW" CHAIR



UPHOLSTERY UNEQUALLED FOR VALUE

Large Range of Models
always on view.

Williamson & Cole's premises can be easily reached. From Victoria, seven minutes by Elevated Electric Railway. By 88, 32 or 67 Bus, or by 34 Car from Clapham Junction.

BOOK TO CLAPHAM ROAD STATION.

Williamson & Cole

HIGH STREET, CLAPHAM, S.W.4.

HINDES "VERY" BRUSH



THE VERY BRUSH FOR THE HAIR

Hindes "Very" brush is a brush you will enjoy because it brushes the hair thoroughly. In a Hindes "Very" brush every bristle in every tuft plays its part. It thoroughly brushes each layer right down to the scalp without tugging, pulling or breaking the hair. For hair brushing—scalp massage—and general comfort—Hindes "Very" brush is "the very brush for the hair."

—IT'S A HINDES

Its welcome never wears out

Obtainable in ebony, rosewood and English hardwood at 7s. 6d., 10s. 6d., 15s., 18s. 6d. each from the leading Stores, Hairdressers and Chemists throughout the country

BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

A
Smart
Collarette
OF
Shaded Hudson Bay Sable,
Trimmed Heads and Tails

27 GNS.

Also in shaded
Stone 23 GNS.
Natural
Skunk 6 1/2 GNS.

DICKINS
& JONES LTD
REGENT STREET
LONDON W.1

A Link
with
Grandma's
Childhood

Yes, darling, it is a nice colour—and for once, at least, appearances are not deceptive—it is a good soap.

I've used Wright's, darling, for more years than you could count on all your fingers and all your toes, too! Why, I bathed your mother with it when she was a little girl like you!

And its action on the skin is so gentle that it is just as good for baby and you as it is for grandma!

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The
Nursery
Soap

REDUCED PRICES
6d. per Tablet, Box of 3 Tablets, 1/6
Bath Tablets, 10d. per Tablet
Box of 3 Tablets, 2/6

Protects
from
Infection

Peach's Curtains
1924 Catalogue FREE. 550 Illustrations. IDEAL HOME DECORATIONS.
Modern Lace Curtains.
"DIRECT FROM THE LOOM."
Imperial Hem Curtains, Casement Curtains for Ideal Homes, made all sizes. Estimates Free. Nets, Cretonnes, Blinds, Muslins, Linens, Laces, etc. Write to-day.
S. PEACH & SON,
152, The Looms, Nottingham

Gives instant relief from Cough, Asthma, etc. The Standard Remedy for over 50 years

**HIMROD'S
ASTHMA
CURE**

AT ALL
CHEMISTS

4/6
A TIN

MORNY

Complexion Powder "MORNY"

Perfumed with
"CHAMINADE," "JUNE ROSES," or "MYSTÉRIEUSE."

White, Cream, Deep Cream, Rose, Naturelle, Rosy-tan, Creamy-Naturelle, Brunette, and the new tint Rose Carnaval.

The Secret of the "Complexion of Lilies and Roses," and the finishing touch to Beauty's Adornment.

Perfectly pure and harmless. Imparts an exquisitely natural and delicate bloom to the skin.

Square Cases, 5/-; also new TRAVEL CASE (silk lined, with draw-strings), 6/-

From your usual retailer, or direct (enclosing amount and postage) from

201 REGENT STREET LONDON W.1



Springtime is
Renovation time—



Use **Solprufe**



Now, when the clear sunshine makes everything look shabby, is the time to renovate the home.

This is not a task to be lightly undertaken, as every woman knows—and the most important item is the choice of new furnishing fabrics for curtains, chair covers, settees and cushions.

Use "SOLPRUFE" Fadeless Fabrics for all purposes—they resist the sun—they stand the ordeal of washing and come out renewed. They can be bought in 40 artistic shades and make up into charming garments for Spring wear. Renovate your home and wardrobe with "SOLPRUFE" dyed materials. They are the best that the Dyeing and Textile trade produce to-day.

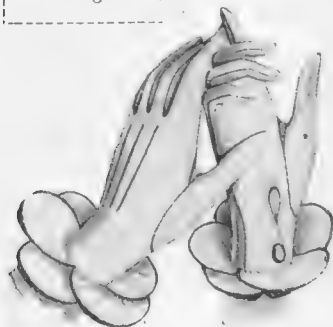
OBTAINABLE FROM THE LEADING DRAPERY & FURNISHING STORES. In case of difficulty write to: THE BRADFORD DYERS' ASSOCIATION, LTD. MANCHESTER BRADFORD LONDON

GOOCHS VOGUE & VALUE

Here we illustrate an example of the rather more elaborate Tailored Suits now sponsored by Fashion. Carefully man-tailored throughout in excellent materials, their prices are pleasingly moderate. Note also the distinctive Shoe, Gloves, and Umbrellas.

Send for the
post free
Illustrated
Spring
Catalogue.

SMART COLOURED
SILK
UMBRELLAS



Dainty and attractive GLOVES with "Rose petal" wrists in the finest French kid. White/black and black/white. Price per pair **11/9**

Postage 2d. extra.



1. Rustic Bark handle, 20/12 rib, tips to tone - Price **29/6**
2. Bakelite Caps on chubby wood handle, 20/10 rib - Price **21/9**
3. Ash handle, coloured bird head, 23 in. Fox frame - Price **25/9**
4. Ash crutch, leather strap, tips to tone, 20/10 rib - Price **23/9**
5. Bakelite Ball on Malacca stem, tips to match. 20/12 frame - Price **39/6**

"NEWMARKET"

Attractive suit in soft black Rep, cut on graceful slim lines. The coat is embroidered at sides in fashionable string shade, and lined to tone. It also shows the new roll collar. Can be obtained within 4 or 5 days in navy embroidered string colour, cuir/beige, or in any other fashionable colour. Price **10 Gns.**



Smart Brown Calf Country SHOE, specially selected soft skins. Solid welted sole, leather heel. Half sizes 3 to 8. Price **47/6**



BROMPTON ROAD

GOOCHS

LONDON, S.W. 3



'Moya'

AN INEXPENSIVE COAT FOR THE SPRING

Authentic style and extremely moderate prices are the outstanding features of the Early Spring display of Mantles in the Salons on the First Floor. The Coat illustrated is a typical example of the high standard of Value and style distinction to be obtained only at Swan & Edgar's.

'MOYA'

New Spring Coat in fine Wool Gabardine. Attractive collar and tie fastening. Trimmed on skirt with rows of piping. Half lined Silk. In early Spring shades of Fawn, Tan, Grey, Mole, Navy and Black. Sizes, S.W., W., & O.S. Lengths, 17, 49, and 51 ins.

94/6

First Floor.

Swan & Edgar Ltd

PICCADILLY CIRCUS W.1.



Wire Bedstead
Mattress and Manufacturers



STAPLES
BEDSTEADS

"Built for Sleep."

NATIONAL WINDOW DISPLAY

FROM MARCH 20th to the 31st, 800 leading furnishes throughout the country will display in their windows the Staples Mattress and Staples Bedstead, as supplied to HIS MAJESTY THE KING. You are particularly urged to visit and inspect one of these window shows. Ask for illustrated coloured booklet and price list.
Staples Mattress 3 ft. 99/-; 4 ft. 6 in. 118/6

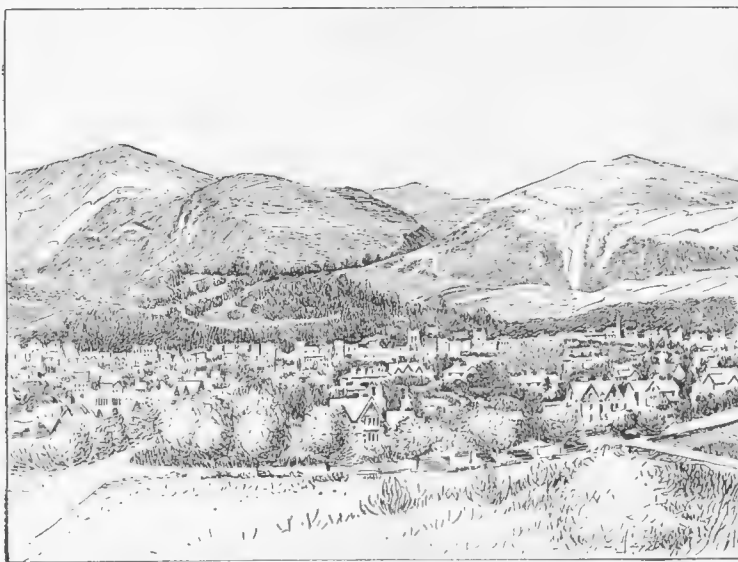
"The most luxurious mattress made."

Commended by ALL Doctors. Sold by ALL Furnishers.




CROOKED SPINE — BAD SLEEP STRAIGHT SPINE — PERFECT SLEEP

Write for the "Commonsense Health" Mattress Booklet, illustrating the Mattress supplied to H.M. The King, and a portfolio of designs of Staples Bedsteads — 8, Chitty Street, London, W.1.



MALVERN

A BEAUTIFUL CLIMATE in a beautiful setting, suitable alike for the infirm and strong. Gently sloping to 1,400 feet above sea level, the excellent roads and easy hill-paths render the country delightful for motoring and walking. Owing to the altitude fog is practically unknown.

THE WATERS. Malvern is famed for the curative properties of its waters. Especially valuable in cases of Rheumatism and similar ailments.

SPORT. 18-hole golf course, 5,170 yards long, with beautifully kept greens in ideal surroundings. There is also a 9-hole course for ladies. There are 12 of the finest and most beautifully situated public lawn-tennis courts in the country; also croquet courts and bowling greens. Malvern is the hunting centre for the Groome, Ledbury and North Ledbury Hounds.

TRAIN SERVICE—"GO GREAT WESTERN." Through expresses from London (Paddington Station) in 2½ hours; also cross-country services. Week-end tickets issued all the year round. All information from Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington, London, W.2.

HANDBOOK of MALVERN FREE from Secretary, Dept. 1, Malvern Improvement Association

Ess Viotto

is known & used by ladies throughout the world for whitening the hands, & beautifying the complexion

2/6 4/9 6/9
per bottle

From Chemists, Perfumers & Stores

BRONNLEY'S
LONDON



Jake
TAMAR INDIEN GRILLON

THE LAXATIVE FRUIT LOZENGE for
CONSTIPATION
GASTRIC & INTESTINAL TROUBLES

3/4 Per Box of all High-Class Chemists
Wholesale - 67 Southwark Bridge Rd London SE

JEAN MALCOLM'S New & Ideal Treatment for SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Introduced and made exclusively by a Lady Chemist.

The Liquid is introduced right to the roots of the hairs. Perfectly harmless to the most delicate of skins. Even if you have tried all other methods of dealing with superfluous hair, and found them failures, you cannot fail to be satisfied with this treatment.

Per Bottle 8/6. Post Free 9/-

THIS PREPARATION IS NOT A DEPILOYATORY

Write for free advice, stating your individual case to

JEAN MALCOLM,
45, Cambridge Rd., London, W.6.



J. F. KAY, LTD.

The "ADJUSTOGRAPH" TRANSFORMATION

it adjusts itself.

TOUPET—for Front only, 5 Gns. TRANSFORMATION from 12 Gns.

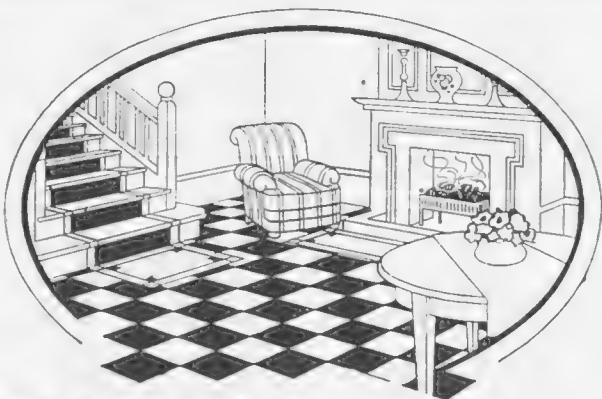
Write for the new Illustrated Catalogue.

A Personal
Interview with
Mons. Ray
can be had at
any time.

Maison RAY,
326, OXFORD STREET,
LONDON, W.1.

(Between D. H. Evans and Marshall & Snelgrove's).

If unable to call
please write for
Appro. Selection
If preferred the
Instalment
System is
available



Stephenson's Floor Polish

THE one polish that can be used with equal success on oak, parquet, stained wood floors, linoleum or oilcloth, etc.

Stephenson's Floor Polish goes a long way and lasts a long time, therefore it is the most economical polish to buy. Stephenson's saves the work and saves the wear; it rubs up day after day like new.



In tins: 3½d., 7d., 1/2 & 2/6

Sole Manufacturers:
STEPHENSON BROS., Ltd.—BRADFORD.



Reslaw Hats

Are synonymous with good taste. Wherever cultured smartness congregates, they are in evidence.

RESLAW HATS are sold by all high-class drapers and milliners. If any difficulty in obtaining write for nearest source of supply to:—


PAUL WALSER & Co., Ltd.,
2, Cripplegate Buildings, London, E.C.2.

AK

DERRY & TOMS

Quality & Service—Kensington High St., W. 8.

Dainty "Undies"



—featuring delightful styles in exquisite quality All Silk Lingerie Crêpe-de-Chine in the New greatly enlarged Underclothing dept. 2nd floor.

The delightful example illustrated is in Heavy Crêpe-de-Chine. The CAMI-KNICKERS are entirely hand-made and trimmed dainty wide Guipure Lace. In useful shades:—Ivory, Pink, Sky or Helio. Well worth 45/9. Special Price

39/6



MODEL 9

"GLENELTA"

(Regd.)

FEATHERWEIGHT FUR FELT HAT

17/6

Practically Indestructible

For country and sports wear—the pneumatic brim can be adjusted to wear at almost any angle—rolling up tightly for packing purposes—trimmed with Faille ribbon band and bow.

Sizes:—6½, 6¾, 7, 7½, 7¾, 8.

Colours:—White, Pearl, Drab, Silver, Squirrel, Putty, New Champagne, Beaver, Champagne, Mouse, Castor, Golden Brown, Cinnamon, Hare Brown, Buff, Havana and Black.

Post free to any address in the U.K.

Pettigrew and Stephens, Ltd

185 SAUCHIEHALL STREET . GLASGOW

J. Stewart Ltd

80, New Bond Street,
and
225, Regent Street,
LONDON, W. 1.
Phone Mayfair 1721.

Hair Specialists.



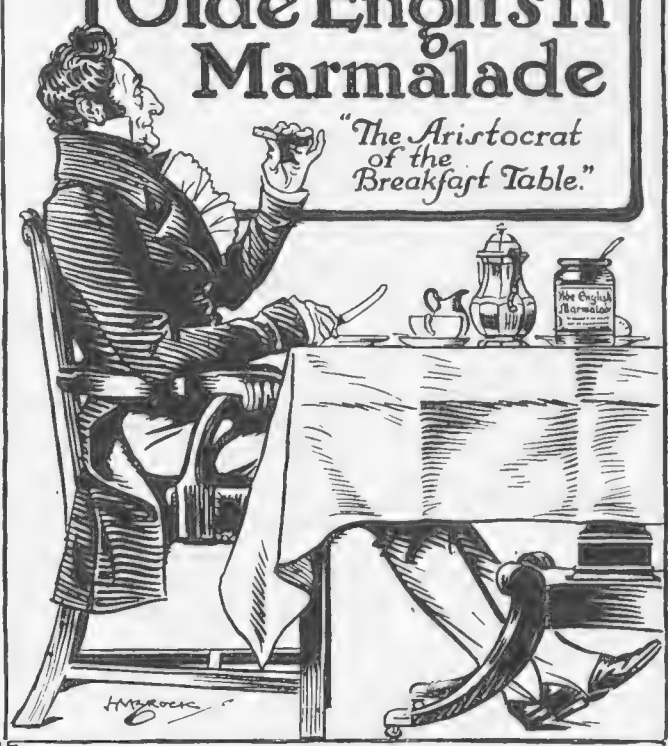
Also at
Edinburgh,
Glasgow,
Dundee.

Her hair will be perfect for every occasion with a "True-to-Nature" Toupet. Prices from 4 gns.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free on Request.

Chivers' Olde English Marmalade

"The Aristocrat of the Breakfast Table."



Prepared by a special process preserving the valuable tonic properties & full natural flavour of the Seville Orange.

Chivers & Sons Ltd

The Orchard Factory
HISTON, CAMBRIDGE, ENG
Purveyors By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

The Finishing Touch

There is something very delightful about certain women. Something quite apart from actual disposition, which makes an instant appeal.

Dauntless—infinite care in the various items of toilet. This is more apparent when "4711" is used in conjunction with other toilets. It puts the seal of good taste upon an admirable practice.

Ask for "4711"
(BLUE AND GOLD LABEL)

Over 130 Years Reputation for
GUARANTEED PURITY
FULL STRENGTH and
LASTING FRAGRANCE



A few drops in the toilet basin or bath
create a delightful refreshing feeling

4711 Eau de Cologne

Sold by all Dealers in
High-class Perfumes



HENRY MAYER PARIS



OF GOOD REPUTE
IN ALL THE OLD-WORLD CAPITALS



"FELICIA"

in beige kid with patent facing, etc.

There are HENRY MAYER Models for every occasion, to add just that additional touch to her toilette which every fashionable woman desires. They are stocked by every leading house, but ladies finding any difficulty are invited to write to

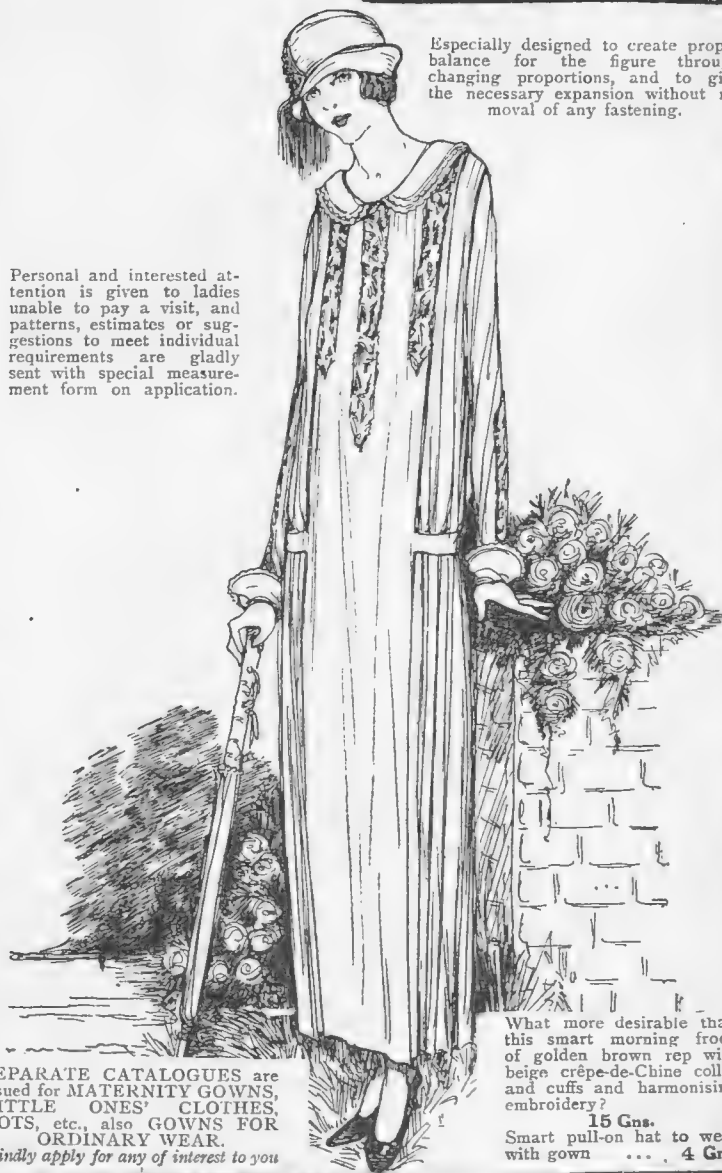
31 EASTCASTLE ST., LONDON, W.1.

Liberty

BARRI MATERNITY GOWNS

Especially designed to create proper balance for the figure through changing proportions, and to give the necessary expansion without removal of any fastening.

Personal and interested attention is given to ladies unable to pay a visit, and patterns, estimates or suggestions to meet individual requirements are gladly sent with special measurement form on application.



SEPARATE CATALOGUES are issued for MATERNITY GOWNS, LITTLE ONES' CLOTHES, COTS, etc., also GOWNS FOR ORDINARY WEAR.
Kindly apply for any of interest to you

What more desirable than this smart morning frock of golden brown rep with beige crêpe-de-Chine collar and cuffs and harmonising embroidery?

15 Gns.
Smart pull-on hat to wear with gown ... 4 Gns.

BARRI, Ltd., 33, New Bond Street, W.1

For Sports Suits and Costumes
no fabrics woven equal Chalmers—

Highland Tweeds

—Shetland and Sutherland Homespun. They are of purest wool, are light, warm and supple and give yeoman service. All the new and charming effects are now ready. Patterns for the asking.

Our Tailors are masters in handling these unique Homespun. It is an art. Style and fit absolutely guaranteed.

**CHALMERS
OBAN**



Harrods
Hairdressing
Specialist
will gladly
give
advice free.

Hairdressing
Salon is
on Harrods
1st floor.

A Charming Coiffure

THIS CHARMING COIFFURE, has a natural drawn-through side parting. The soft palm curls are a delightful feature, and the whole is skilfully made with finest naturally wavy hair.

COMPLETE from **9 Gns.** **TOUPET** for front from **6 Gns.**

WAVED SIDE CURLS - each **10/6** **PIN WAVE** - - - - from **12/6**

THE PERMANENT WAVE. Where the hair is naturally straight or 'lank,' Harrods system of Permanent Waving is invaluable.

Harrods 'Permanent Waving' imparts to the hair a most delightful appearance that survives brushing, combing and washing. Full particulars will gladly be sent on request.

Harrods

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW1



THE CHOICE OF THE WISE SHOE BUYER

ARISTE is the gentlewoman's shoe. She who has worn the West End bootmaker's handiwork will not be deceived. ARISTE are "Londony," though not of London. The seeing eye is attracted not only by the graceful lines of the design and by the contours of the form, but by the careful workmanship that is the feature of ARISTE shoes. Such shoes can never be produced in large quantities, but there will always be sufficient for the women who just know. ARISTE shoes are made for those who appreciate real craftsman hip.

ARISTE

EXCLUSIVE SHOE STYLES

ARISTE Style No. B33

A Patent Colt shoe for smart town wear. The Marie Antoinette heel extends under and supports the arch of the foot. The extended toe and ample joint room ensure absolute ease. The lightweight soles are exceptionally flexible. Sizes and half sizes 2-6½. Also in Cinnamon Suede Calf (B 76) and in Light Grey Suede Calf (B 78)

Fixed
Price
30/-



Write for free illustrated booklet from which you may choose your ARISTE Shoe and for the address of your nearest Agent by whom you should be fitted.

D. HENDERSON & SONS, LTD.
LEICESTER

HEALTHY CORSETS

One example of JENNER'S NEW STYLES is illustrated.

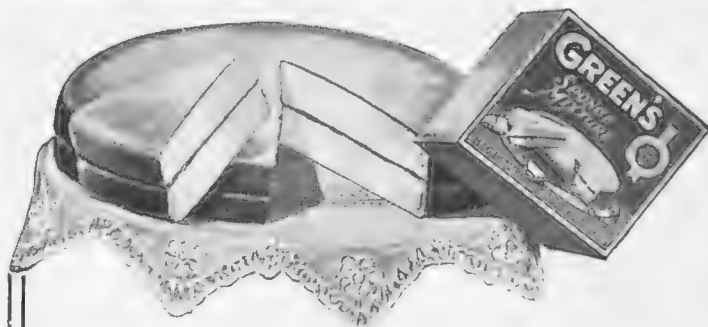
2738.—Pull-on Corset of Pink Broché, lacing down centre back. No busk fastening, but a short length of lacing below the busk at front ensures comfortable fit, and gives the maximum freedom of movement with graceful line. An ideal Corset for dance or general wear. Four suspenders. Sizes 24 to 28 inches.

Price **29/6**

Illustrated Catalogue on request.



JENNER'S
PRINCES STREET
EDINBURGH



Make a big Sponge Cake THIS WEEK

Green's Sponge Mixture is the ideal preparation for making something extra good for tea, Sponge Sandwiches, Swiss Rolls, Genoese and other dainties that delight everyone.

Try one packet: see how good your sponge cakes can be.

GREEN'S SPONGE MIXTURE

Of all Grocers and Stores.

6½d. per pkt. Chocolate or Raspberry Flavours 7d. per packet.

H. J. GREEN & CO., LTD., BRIGHTON.

The New Delicacy

GREEN'S TANGERINE JELLY

A real delicacy. So perfectly true in flavour. Try it. In crystals or squares of all high-class Grocers and Stores.



Scotch Tweeds

that a good Tailor recommends

Scotch Tweeds, whatever their price, that bear the authenticating mark of the combined Scottish Woollen Industry (authorised by the Board of Trade) deserve and receive the recommendation of a good Tailor. The mark ensures that they are authentic—made in Scotland, therefore carrying the traditional Scottish patterns and Highland colourings. It also guarantees that they are made of Pure, New Wool—no cotton in them to fade and make shabbiness: no reworked rags to crease and pucker. Whether in the most exclusive sporting styles, or in quiet, inexpensive town checks or plain serges there is never any question of the genuineness and purity of

SCOTCH TWEEDS

“with the Trade Mark”

Issued by The Scottish Woollen Trade Mark Association Limited, 27, Charlotte Square, Edinburgh.



The Odds are 4 to 1 Against You

*Would you escape Pyorrhea?
Fight the odds with Forhan's*

Pyorrhea is no respecter of persons.

Four persons out of five past forty, and thousands younger, are afflicted with this dread disease.

Don't gamble with your teeth and health. Don't wait for bleeding gums to tell you that Pyorrhea is about to strike.

Visit your dentist regularly and brush your teeth twice daily with Forhan's For the Gums. If used in time and used consistently, it will help to prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

Pleasant to the taste and economical to use. Get it at all chemists.

FREE Liberal One Week Trial
Tube sent free on request

Thos. Christy & Co., Dept. 42,
4, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste—it checks Pyorrhea

Formula of
R.J. Forhan DDS
Forhan's Limited
Montreal

Forhan's
TRADE MARK
FOR
THE GUMS
"BRUSH YOUR TEETH
WITH IT"
FORMULA OF
R.J. Forhan, DDS
Specialist in
DISEASES OF THE MOUTH
PREPARED FOR THE
PRESCRIPTION OF THE
DENTAL PROFESSION

"OUT-SIZE" FATNESS CONQUERED

How Parisiennes are Keeping Slim and Graceful

There are no keener judges of anything that will contribute to their charms than the ladies of Paris. To-day those who otherwise would be bemoaning having become "Out-Sizes" are all rejoicing at having discovered a method of making and maintaining a girlishly slim and graceful figure—without self-denying dieting, exhausting Turkish baths or exercises, or weakening purgatives.

The Rue Vivienne in Paris has become famous as the birthplace and home of the triumphantly successful Clark's Thinning Treatment. The good news was spread to England, and now Heppells, the famous London and Brighton Chemists, are rapidly becoming just as famous as the British Agents who are supplying the same treatment to those ladies of the British Isles who desire to escape from "Out-Size" disfigurements.

REMARKABLE "OUTSIZE" REDUCTIONS IN A FEW DAYS.

No longer do those acquainted with Clark's Thinning Treatment fear to face the mirror. On the contrary, it reflects a daily more pleasing picture of a figure, face, and limbs being rapidly restored to the symmetrical proportions of true beauty.

The treatment is complete in every way. It is really a three-in-one treatment, comprising:

1. Clark's Thinning Bath Salts, 12 packets;
2. Clark's Reducing Paste for application upon any part of the body it is desired to reduce;
3. Clark's Fat Corrective Pastilles that alter the acquired bodily habit of excess fat formation.

Unlike other fat-reducing treatments, Clark's Thinning Treatment does NOT affect the heart—does NOT "lower" the vitality, strength or spirits—does NOT upset the appetite, stomach or digestion, and does NOT cause anaemia or sickly paleness.

As to the cost of Clark's Thinning Treatment, the small price of 20/- secures ample supplies of the before-mentioned three essentials, namely, the Bath Salts, Reducing Paste and Pastilles—all sent post free, under plain wrapper, to the reader's address. Send 20/- now to The Sole British Agents: HEPPILLS, Chemists, 164, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

FOR THE INFORMATION OF THE PUBLIC

CLARK'S THINNING BATH SALTS

(Prepared by Clark's of Rue Vivienne, Paris), as used by those who have taken the Complete Clark's Thinning Treatment, is obtainable

At all Chemists and Stores at 1/3 a packet or 12 packets for 13/6, or post free direct from

THE
SOLE BRITISH
AGENTS

Heppells

CHEMISTS, 164 PICCADILLY,
LONDON, W.1
And at Brighton.

*Ideal
with
cheese!*

CARR'S
TABLE
WATER
BISCUITS

are not the ordinary water biscuits. Try them and you will appreciate the difference.

Made only by
CARR & CO. LTD
CARLISLE



GOOCH'S VOGUE & VALUE

SIMPLICITY and practical comfort are always first considerations with the designers of Gooch Children's clothing.

Smocks and rompers for the toddlers, stylish suits and coats for the bigger brother or sister—all are perfectly cut and fashioned from reliable materials—yet most moderately priced.

Order by post if unable to call.
Accounts are opened on receipt
of the usual trade references.



No. 1. "SCARBOROUGH"

An excellent style for Preparatory School boys. Obtainable in a wide range of hard-wearing tweeds in good colours. Also in dependable blue serges. To fit 7 to 13 years.

Tweeds—First size from - - 44/-
Blue Serge—First size from - 66/-

No. 2. Girl's full length Woollen Coat with brushed wool collar and cuffs. In putty, Chinese blue, and almond green. May be made to order in any shade.

Price for 26 in. - - - 35/6
Rising 3/- each size.

No. 3. Artistic little Cotton Frock, trimmed with cross-stitch in Oriental colourings. Easily laundered, no ironing being required. In white, trimmed red, blue, gold, and mixed shades.

Size 18 in. 20 in. 22 in.
Price 12/11 13/11 16/11
Postage 6d. extra.

BROMPTON ROAD

Tube Station: "Knightsbridge."

GOOCH'S
Ltd

LONDON, S.W. 3.

'Phone: Kensington 5100.

JULIUS CÆSAR. Mark Antony: "Friends, Romans, Countrymen."

'YADIL' PASTILLES

**STRENGTHEN
THE VOICE"**

Price 1/- per tin
from all chemists or
sent, post free, on
receipt of remittance

Prepared by
**CLEMENT &
JOHNSON LTD.**
19 Sicilian Avenue,
London, W.C.1

W.B.P.



THE "AIREDALE."

ROBERT HEATH'S, Ltd., of Knightsbridge, newest light weight Felt Hat in superfine quality, with ribbon bound brim. Beautifully flexible and most becoming to all styles of wearers. In tabac, black, putty, white, almond green, copper beech, cinnamon, nigger, castor, cuba, havana, champagne, iron grey, arab and silver. In all head sizes. Price 30/-

New Illustrated Catalogue on application, post free.

A selection of any Hats sent with pleasure on approval, on receipt of reference, or cheque will be returned if not approved.

N.B.—Robert Heath, Ltd., have no agents or branches, therefore their well-known hats can only be obtained from the address given below.



BY APPOINTMENT

ROBERT HEATH

of Knightsbridge.



BY APPOINTMENT

ONLY ADDRESS:

37 & 39, KNIGHTSBRIDGE, S.W.1.



Miss Dorothy Dickson

Advice about Pearls

Pearls look simple things to choose, but there are pearls and pearls, and apart from quality there are many subtle differences in lustre, colouring and size that call for expert knowledge of pearls. This we possess and are prepared to impart to all interested in

Ciro Pearls

Our staffs are fully qualified to give advice not only on the choice of the right pearls to suit each woman's individuality, but to help with hints on the care of pearls. At all our establishments this specialised service is available

We cordially invite everyone to inspect the unique collection of pearls at our showrooms, or we will send you a necklet of Ciro Pearls 16 inches long, with solid gold clasp in beautiful case, for One Guinea. Wear them for a fortnight and compare with any real pearls. If any difference is noticeable, you may return them to us and we will refund your money in full.

Our new Booklet No. 5 tells all about Ciro Pearls. May we send it to you, post free?

Ciro Pearls Ltd
178 REGENT ST. LONDON W. 1. Dept 5
48 OLD BOND ST. LONDON W. 1
44 CHEAPSIDE, LONDON E.C. 2
25 CHURCH ST. LIVERPOOL

Ciro Pearls can only be obtained and Ciro Pearl Service given at our own establishments.

ROWLANDS' MACASSAR OIL

is an absolute necessity for the HAIR



No other preparation preserves, beautifies, and nourishes it so effectually. Prepared in a Golden Colour for Fair Hair. Sold in 3s. 6d., 7s., 10s. 6d. and 21s. sizes, by Stores, Chemists, Hairdressers, and ROWLANDS, 112, Guilford Street, London.

SPRING

has more than one merit. It does not end with turning young men's fancies lightly to thoughts of love. It compels the gallants of over-thirty and nearly-fifty to think of shedding the garb and habits of hibernation. . . And with that, the recollection of a previous Spring, in which ozonised air refurbished the Winter-trammelled



system. It recalls the fresh breezes that penetrated to the pores, the salt that vitalised the veins, the buoyant lilt that came to the feet, the thrill that stirred the dormant functions of a body crying out for refreshing pabulum. . . All this indicates

MARGATE for EASTER

Stay at the
CLIFTONVILLE
: : HOTEL : :

If it's a Gordon—
It's the best Hotel.

Gordon Hotels, Ltd.

Man. Director: Francis Towle

CLOTHES MADE ENTIRELY BY HAND.

:: A PROTEST AND A PROPOSAL ::

THE PROTEST.

IF the power to write epigrammatically or to draw pretty clothes were evidence of tailoring ability, then Wilde and Velasquez should have been the most wonderful firm of tailors in history. Clothes (on paper) do not make the tailor. Prose is equally an unreliable guide. The only standard by which to judge a tailor is by the quality of the clothes he makes and the price you are asked to pay. We make clothes entirely by hand. None other can give the long service of such clothes nor retain perfect shape and comfort. They are equal in all ways to the productions of the most exclusive West-End firms, at prices which are guineas below the prevailing figure for clothes of their standard.

THE PROPOSAL.

We invite all interested to call on us or to write for the common sense on clothes talk which we have prepared in booklet form.

Urquhart & Knight.

1st 2nd 3rd Floors (No Shop)
259 High Holborn W.C.1.

Phone Holborn 680



The NOBILITY of MOTHERHOOD

THE instinct of mother love is inherent in every mother. But true motherhood means more than that. It induces her to look forward to the future, to visualise the baby growing up to manhood or womanhood, fitted in mind and body for what the future has in store.

The mother who realises her motherhood will feed her baby herself. Correct feeding in infancy is the foundation which largely determines the whole course of development.

Then the mother will make sure that her baby's natural food is ample in quantity and rich in quality. And in order to make quite sure on these important points the wise mother will take advantage of the wealth of nourishment contained in "Ovaltine" Tonic Food Beverage.

"Ovaltine" is a purely natural food-beverage containing concentrated nourishment in an easily digested form. It is prepared from ripe barley malt, creamy milk and fresh eggs—Nature's Tonic Foods.

Every prospective or nursing mother should drink daily delicious "Ovaltine"—because it provides a delightfully simple and reliable means of enabling her to feed baby naturally and of maintaining her own health and strength.

OVALTINE

TONIC FOOD BEVERAGE

Enables Mothers to Breast Feed their Babies

*Sold by all Chemists throughout the British Empire.
Prices in Great Britain, 1/6, 2/6 and 4/6 per tin.*

A. WANDER, Ltd., 45, Cowcross Street,
London, E.C.1.

P. 235.

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

Coiffures for the Spring.

Many women find it exceedingly difficult to achieve a coiffure which is both simple and becoming. Whatever the cause, whether great or small, a visit to the Maison Ray, 326, Oxford Street, W., will quickly remove any difficulty. M. Ray, the well-known expert, gives his personal advice on all matters appertaining to the hair and scalp. He is the creator of the famous Adjustograph transformation, of which one of the many becoming styles is pictured on this page. It is a perfect reproduction of Nature at her best, and guards its secret despite the most severe scrutiny. Transformations are from 12 guineas, and toupets from 5 guineas. It must be noted that payment by the instalment system is available. For those who do not require an entire transformation Ray's Easy Chignons, fitted with detachable combs, are a veritable boon. They are priced from 3 guineas. M. Ray also makes a speciality of shingling the hair.

Guarding the Complexion.

Spring, as everyone knows, has most trying effects on even the youngest and most beautiful complexions unless a little care is exercised. The remedy is a simple one, however, and even "all-weather" sports-women will find their skin remaining soft and clear if they use Valaze Balm Rose Cream, price 3s. 6d.—one of the famous Valaze Beauty preparations of Mme. Helena Rubinstein, 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W. It protects the complexion both from keen winds and the hot sun; while a nightly

application of Valaze Skin Food keeps the skin in a thoroughly healthy condition. Mme. Rubinstein has lately perfected two



A fashionable "Adjustograph" transformation created by M. Ray, of 326, Oxford Street, W.

new preparations—namely, the Cream of Youth, which banishes all wrinkles and rejuvenates the tissues in a really wonderful manner; and the Champagne Lotion, destined to be used just before any occasion on which one wishes to appear to the very best advantage.

Welcome News for the Housewife.

The useful O'Cedar Mop has lately been invested with a still further improvement—namely, an interchangeable handle which clips on to the mop fitting, enabling it to be used in any position. Another welcome production is the new O'Cedar Polishing Wax, which is excellent for preserving golf clubs, the body-work of cars, etc., as well as for use on floors and furniture. If the wind-screen of a car is polished with this wax, the rain is prevented from adhering to it—an interesting, useful fact worth noting.

Bargains in Household Linen.

The end of this week closes the great White Sale at Waring and Gillow, Oxford Street, W., and no time should be lost before securing the wonderful bargains still available. Real Witney blankets range from 16s. 9d. (size 54 by 74 inches) to 39s. 6d. (84 by 102 inches); and fine hemstitched cotton sheets can be secured for 17s. 9d. a pair. Lace curtains of every description have been drastically reduced; and pure linen embroidered tea-cloths trimmed with hand-made Cluny lace are 19s. 9d., instead of 35s. 6d. each.

Yardley's
Old English
Lavender Soap

Used by the leaders of Taste and Fashion throughout the World.
Exquisitely pure, it refines the skin and keeps the complexion youthful.
Lavishly perfumed, it is one of the most charming of the little luxuries of the Toilet.

Price 3/- per box of 3 large tablets.
Of all Chemists, Perfumers, and Stores, and from
YARDLEY, 8 NEW BOND STREET, LONDON

G. CHAMBERS

EVERYTHING FOR EVERYBODY'S WEAR



PETER ROBINSON

WE have looked forward for a long time to this, the first season in our New Building, and no effort will be spared to make it a successful one from all points of view. All Departments for Ladies' and Girls' Wear, also Household Drapery, are now under one roof, thus affording additional comfort and convenience to our Customers. Our long-established policy of providing the most up-to-date Fashions in good quality materials at reasonable prices remains unchanged, but larger stocks can now be shown.

PETER ROBINSON, Ltd., OXFORD ST. & REGENT ST., W.1

THE CRAG IN THE DOLOMITES.

(Continued from page 570.)

like opening leading into the mountain-side. Into this we were hurried. For some time the tunnel was narrow, but presently it widened, and before very long we came out into a wide, rocky chamber lighted by electricity. There the gags were removed. At a sign from Number Four, who stood before us with mocking triumph in his face, we were searched, and every article was removed from our pockets, including Poirot's little automatic pistol.

A pang smote me as it was tossed down on the table. We were defeated—hopelessly defeated and outnumbered. It was the end.

"Welcome to the Headquarters of the Big Four, M. Hercule Poirot," said Number Four, in a mocking tone. "To meet you again is an unexpected pleasure. But was it worth while returning from the grave only for this?"

Poirot did not reply. I dared not look at him.

"Come this way," continued Number Four. "Your arrival will be somewhat of a surprise to my colleagues."

He indicated a narrow doorway in the wall. We passed through and found ourselves in another chamber. At the very end of it was a table behind which four chairs were placed. The end chair was empty, but was draped with a mandarin's cape. On the second, smoking a cigar, sat Mr. Abe Ryland. Leaning back on the third chair, with her burning eyes and her nun's face, was Madame Olivier. Number Four took his seat on the fourth chair.

We were in the presence of the Big Four. Never before had I felt so fully the reality and the presence of Li Chang Yen as I did now when confronting his empty seat. Far away in China, he yet controlled and directed this malign organisation. Madame Olivier gave a faint cry on seeing us. Ryland, more self-controlled, only shifted his cigar and raised his grizzled eyebrows.

"Mr. Hercule Poirot," said Ryland slowly. "This is a pleasant surprise. You put it over on us all right. We thought you were good and buried. No matter, the game is up now."

There was a ring as of steel in his voice. Madame Olivier said nothing; but her eyes burned, and I disliked the slow way she smiled.

"Madame and Messieurs, I wish you good-evening," said Poirot quietly. Something unexpected, something I had not been prepared to hear in his voice, made me look at him. He seemed quite composed. Yet there was something about his whole appearance that was different.

"You have not your cigarette-case this time, Monsieur Poirot," said Madame Olivier, in her slow, measured voice.

"My cigarette-case? Ah, no, Madame."

For the moment it seemed as though he did not understand the significance of her allusion.

"You fool," said Number Four—"to pit yourself against—us! I warned you in Paris."

"True," said Poirot. "True."

I was puzzled. There was something about Poirot that I could not understand at all. Then there was a stir of draperies behind us, and the Countess Vera Rossakoff came in.

"Ah!" said Number Four. "Our valued and trusted lieutenant. An old friend of yours is here, my dear lady."

The Countess whirled round with her usual vehemence of movement.

"God in Heaven!" she cried. "It is the little man! Ah! but he has the nine lives of a cat! Oh, little man, little man! Why did you mix yourself up in this?"

"Madame," said Poirot, with a bow—"me, like the great Napoleon, I am on the side of the big battalions."

As he spoke, I saw a sudden suspicion flash into her eyes, and at the same moment I knew the truth which subconsciously I had already sensed. The man beside me was not Hercule Poirot!

He was very like him—extraordinarily like him. There was the same egg-shaped head, the same strutting figure, delicately plump. But the voice was different, and the eyes, instead of being green, were dark; and surely the moustaches—those famous moustaches—?

My reflections were cut short by the Countess's voice. She stepped forward, her voice ringing with excitement.

"You have been deceived. That man is not Hercule Poirot!"

Number Four uttered an incredulous exclamation; but the Countess leant forward and snatched at Poirot's moustaches. They came off in her hand, and then indeed the truth was plain. For this man's upper lip was disfigured by a small scar which completely altered the expression of the face.

"Not Hercule Poirot," muttered Number Four. "But who can he be, then?"

"I know," I cried suddenly, and then stopped dead, afraid I had ruined everything. But the man I will still refer to as Poirot had turned to me encouragingly.

"Say it if you will. It makes no matter now. The trick has succeeded."

"This is Achille Poirot," I said slowly—"Hercule Poirot's twin brother."

"Impossible," said Ryland sharply; but he was shaken.

"Hercule's plan has succeeded to a marvel," said Achille placidly.

Number Four leapt forward, his voice harsh and menacing.

"Succeeded, has it?" he snarled. "Do you realise that before many minutes have passed you will be dead—dead?"

"Yes," said Achille Poirot gravely, "I realise that. It is you who do not realise that a man may be willing to purchase success by his life. There were men who laid down their lives for their country in the war. I am prepared to lay down my life in the same way for the world."

It struck me just then that, although perfectly willing to lay down my life, I might have been consulted in the matter! Then I remembered how Poirot had urged me to stay behind, and I felt slightly appeased.

"And in what way will your laying down your life benefit the world?" asked Ryland sardonically.

"I see that you do not perceive the true inwardness of Hercule's plan. To begin with, your place of retreat was known some months ago, and practically all the visitors, hotel assistants, and others are detectives or Secret Service men. A cordon has been drawn round the

(Continued overleaf.)



AFTER the cares of the busy morning, a really good whisky with your lunch is not merely refreshing, but it is also highly beneficial.

Red Tape
REGD
The Whisky

being honestly old—very old—has qualities which meet the business man's requirements to a particular degree. It is found wherever a luxurious whisky is appreciated.

If you do not know where to obtain it locally, send us your cheque for £7. 16. 0., and we will forward a case 12 bottles through our nearest Agents.

Obtainable from The Victoria Wine Co. Ltd., 12/20 Osborn Street, E.I., and at all their Branches.

Sole Proprietors:

BAIRD-TAYLOR BROS.,
GLASGOW, SCOTLAND.

By-gone London
The Bridge-Foot, Southwark,
1810.

The

Wolseley

‘FOURTEEN’

Price Complete

£425

At £425 the Wolseley Fourteen undoubtedly represents the highest value ever offered in a modern car. It is a full-sized touring-car, roomy, comfortable, and thoroughly well equipped with every necessary requirement. It gives a really first-class road performance, being particularly good on hills, and at the same time is very economical to run. It is beautifully finished in every detail, and upholstered in real English leather.

The equipment comprises: Electric starter, Electric lighting, including head lamps, side lamps on wings, and tail lamp; Autovac petrol feed, 815 x 105 Dunlop cord tyres, spare wheel and tyre, all-weather curtains, speedometer, clock, valances, spring gaiters, electric horn, foot rest, etc.



Catalogue No. 16 post free.
WOLSELEY MOTORS, LTD.,
 (Proprietors: Vickers Limited)
 Adderley Park, BIRMINGHAM.

London Showrooms: Wolseley House,
 157, Piccadilly, W.
 Indian Depots: Bombay,
 Calcutta, Delhi, Madras,

Also supplied as

Two-seater	£445
Saloon	£695
Landaulette	£695

Continued. You may have more than one means of egress; but, even so, you cannot escape. Poirot himself is directing the operations outside. Before I came down to the terrace in my brother's place, my boots were smeared with a preparation of aniseed to-night, and hounds are following the trail. It will lead them infallibly to the rock in the Felsenlabyrinth where the entrance is situated. You see, do what you will to us, the net is drawn tightly round you. You cannot escape."

Madame Olivier laughed suddenly.

"You are wrong. There is one way we can escape; and, like Samson of old, destroy our enemies at the same time. What do you say my friends?" Ryland was staring at Achille Poirot.

"Suppose he's lying," he said hoarsely.

The other shrugged his shoulders.

"In an hour it will be dawn. Then you can see for yourself the truth of my words. Already they should have traced me to the entrance in the Felsenlabyrinth."

Even as he spoke, there was a far-off reverberation, and a man ran in shouting incoherently. Ryland sprang up and went out. Madame Olivier moved to the end of the room and opened a door that I had not noticed. Inside I caught a glimpse of a perfectly equipped laboratory, which reminded me of the one in Paris. Number Four also sprang up and left the room for a minute. He returned with Poirot's revolver, which he gave to the Countess.

"There is no danger of their escaping," he said grimly. "But still, you had better have this."

Then he went out again. The Countess came over to us and surveyed my companion attentively for some time. Suddenly she laughed.

"You are very clever, M. Achille Poirot," she said mockingly.

"Madame, let us talk business. It is fortunate that they have left us alone together. What is your price?"

"I do not understand. What price?"

"You can aid us to escape. You know the secret ways out of this retreat. I ask you, what is your price?"

She laughed again. "More than you could

pay, little man! Why, all the money in the world would not buy me!"

"Madame, I did not speak of money. I am a man of intelligence. Nevertheless, this is a



HOLDING AN EXHIBITION OF HER ITALIAN LANDSCAPES IN APRIL: THE HON. MRS. COULSON FELLOWES.

The Hon. Mrs. Coulson Fellowes is a sister of Lord Inchiquin, and is the widow of Captain the Hon. Coulson Churchill Fellowes, elder son of Lord de Ramsay. Considerable interest has been aroused by the announcement that Mrs. Coulson Fellowes will hold an exhibition of her landscapes of Italian scenery at the Walker Galleries in April.—[Photo, by Janet Jevons.]

true fact—everyone has his price! In exchange for life and liberty, I offer you your heart's desire."

"So you are a magician?"

"You can call me so if you like."

The Countess suddenly dropped her jesting manner. She spoke with passionate bitterness.

"Fool! My heart's desire! Can you give me revenge upon my enemies? Can you give me back youth and beauty and a gay heart? Can you bring the dead to life again?"

Achille Poirot was watching her very curiously.

"Which of the three, Madame? Make your choice."

She laughed sardonically.

"You will sell me the elixir of life, perhaps? Come, I will make a bargain with you. Once, I had a child. . . . Find my child for me—and you shall go free."

"Madame, I agree. It is a bargain. Your child shall be restored to you. On the faith of—on the faith of Hercule Poirot himself!"

Again that strange woman laughed—this time long and unrestrainedly.

"My dear M. Poirot, I am afraid I laid a little trap for you! It is very kind of you to promise to find my child for me; but, you see, I happen to know that you would not succeed; and so that would be a very one-sided bargain, would it not?"

"Madame, I swear to you by the Holy Angels that I will restore your child to you."

"I asked you before, M. Poirot, could you restore the dead to life?"

"Then the child is—"

"Dead? Yes."

He stepped forward and took her wrist.

"Madame, I—I who speak to you—swear once more. I will bring the dead to life."

She stared at him as though fascinated.

"You do not believe me. I will prove my words. Get my pocket-book which they took from me."

She went out of the room, and returned with it in her hand. Throughout all, she retained her grip on the revolver. I felt that Achille Poirot's chances of bluffing her were very slight. The Countess Vera Rossakoff was no fool.

[Continued overleaf.]

Solos
From
£47

Combs
From
£71

If you
could but see

the elaborate care bestowed on each part of a Raleigh during its manufacture and then realise that every additional operation means just so much towards the perfection of the finished machine—for your pleasure's sake, for your safety's sake and in the long run for your pocket's sake—you would choose a

RALEIGH
THE GOLD MEDAL
MOTOR-CYCLE

with Dunlop tyres and Sturmey-Archer 3-speed gear, kick-starter and everything of the best. The cheapest mode of travel.

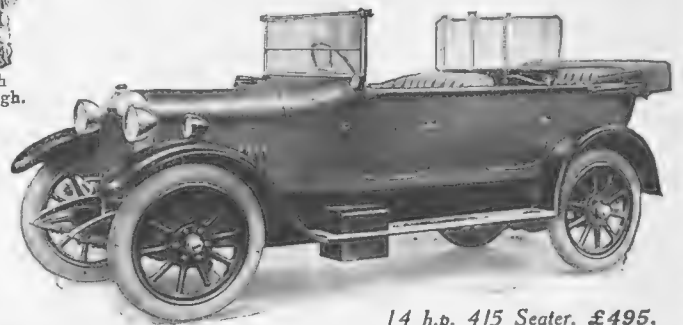
Send for catalogue and full details.

THE RALEIGH
CYCLE CO., LTD.
NOTTINGHAM



British
all through.

"Set the Fashion to the World."



14 h.p. 4/5 Seater, £495.

Rover Reasons Why.

COMFORT, tractability—yet speed in full measure when you need it—and a delightful sense of reliability and security are all reasons for the popularity of the 14 h.p. Rover. We know, because we have so many appreciative letters from owners telling us how thoroughly

satisfied they are with their Rovers. Of course, the Rover is a good car, because its design has been steadily developed and there is nothing experimental about it. We should be happy to send a demonstration car to your door—only tell us when.

ROVER

14 h.p. SPECIFICATION:
Four-cylinder engine, 75 mm. x 130 mm., tax £14 p.a., four-speed gear-box, silent worm axle. Equipment includes: electric lighting, starting and horn, bulb horn, spare wheel and tyre, hood with draught-excluder and all-weather side curtains, clock, speedometer, spring gaiters, luggage grid, screen wiper, etc. 4/5-seater model has rear windscreen.

THE ROVER
COMPANY, LTD.

COVENTRY

61, New Bond Street,
LONDON, W. 1.

Tel. - - Mayfair 157

Lord Edward Street,

DUBLIN

14 h.p. MODELS:

2/3-Seater ... £485

4/5-Seater ... £495

Saloon (Weymann

type) ... £550

Coupé ... £585

Light Saloon ... £595

Saloon ... £695



B.L.
GOLD LABEL
Scotch Whisky

15/- per Bottle
Pre-War Quality &
Strength: 25 u.p.

THE extra charge implies
a measure of quality,
a degree of strength, a
period of maturing which
give to "B.L." that character
which established its
reputation.

BULLOCH, LADE & COMPANY LTD.
GLASGOW LONDON

Continued.]

"Open it, Madame. The flap on the left-hand side. That is right. Now take out that photograph and look at it."

Wonderingly, she took out what seemed to be a small snapshot. No sooner had she looked at it than she uttered a cry and swayed as though about to fall. Then she almost flew at my companion.

"Where? Where? You shall tell me. Where?"

"Remember your bargain, Madame."

"Yes, yes; I will trust you. Quick, before they come back."

Catching him by the hand, she drew him quickly and silently out of the room. I followed. From the outer room, she led us into the tunnel by which we had first entered; but a short way along, this forked, and she turned off to the right. Again and again the passage divided; but she led us on, never faltering or seeming to doubt her way, and with increasing speed.

"If only we are in time," she panted. "We must be out in the open before the explosion occurs."

Still we went on. I understood that this tunnel led right through the mountain, and that we should finally emerge on the other side, facing a different valley. The sweat streamed down my face, but I raced on.

And then, far away, I saw a gleam of daylight. Nearer and nearer it came. I saw green bushes growing. We forced them aside—pushed our way through. We were in the open again, with the faint light of dawn making everything rosy. Poirot's cordon was a reality. Even as we emerged, three men fell upon us, but released us again with a cry of astonishment.

"Quick!" cried my companion. "Quick!—there is no time to lose—"

But he was not destined to finish. The earth shook and trembled under our feet, there was a terrific roar, and the whole mountain seemed to dissolve. We were flung headlong through the air.

I came to myself at last. I was in a strange bed and a strange room. Someone was sitting

by the window. He turned and came and stood by me.

It was Achille Poirot—or, stay, was it? The well-known ironical voice dispelled any doubts I might have had.

"But yes, my friend, it is I. Brother Achille has gone home again—to the land of myths. It was I all the time. It is not only Number Four who can act a part! Belladonna in the eyes, the sacrifice of my moustaches, and a real scar—the inflicting of which caused me much pain two months ago; but I could not risk a fake beneath the eagle eyes of Number Four. And the final touch, your own knowledge and belief that there was such a person as Achille Poirot! It was invaluable, the assistance you rendered me; half the success of the coup is due to you! The whole crux of the affair was to make them believe that Hercule Poirot was still at large directing operations. Otherwise, everything was true—the aniseed, the cordon, et cetera."

"But why not really send a substitute?"

"And let you go into danger without me by your side? You have a pretty idea of me there! Besides, I always had a hope of finding a way out through the Countess."

"How on earth did you manage to convince her? It was a pretty thin story to make her swallow—all that about a dead child."

"The Countess has a great deal more perspicacity than you have, my dear Hastings. She was taken in at first by my disguise; but she soon saw through it. When she said, 'You are very clever, M. Achille Poirot,' I knew that she had guessed the truth. It was then or never to play my trump card."

"All that rigmarole about bringing the dead to life?"

"Exactly—but then, you see, I had the child all along."

"What?"

"But yes! You know my motto—Be prepared. As soon as I found that the Countess Rossakoff was mixed up with the Big Four, I had every possible inquiry made as to her antecedents. I learned that she had had a child who was reported to have been killed, and I

also found that there were discrepancies in the story which led me to wonder whether it might not, after all, be alive. In the end, I succeeded in tracing the boy, and by paying out a big sum, I obtained possession of the child's person. The poor little fellow was nearly dead of starvation. I placed him in a safe place, with kindly people, and took a snapshot of him in his new surroundings. And so, when the time came, I had my little *coup de théâtre* all ready!"

"You are wonderful, Poirot; absolutely wonderful!"

"I was glad to do it, too. For I have always admired the Countess. I should have been sorry if she had perished in the explosion."

"I've been half afraid to ask you—what of the Big Four?"

"All the bodies have now been recovered. That of Number Four was quite unrecognisable—the head blown to pieces. I wish—I rather wish it had not been so. I should have liked to be sure—but no more of that. Look at this."

He handed me a newspaper in which a paragraph was marked. It reported the death by suicide of Li Chang Yen, who had engineered the recent revolution which had failed so disastrously.

"My great opponent," said Poirot gravely. "It was fated that he and I should never meet in the flesh. When he received the news of the disaster here, he took the simplest way out. A great brain, my friend, a great brain. But I wish I had seen the face of the man who was Number Four. . . . Supposing that, after all—but I romance. He is dead. Yes, *mon ami*, together we have faced and routed the Big Four; and now you will return to your charming wife, and I—I shall retire. The great case of my life is over. Anything else will seem tame after this. No, I shall retire. Possibly I shall grow vegetable marrows! I might even marry and range myself!"

He laughed heartily at the idea, but with a touch of embarrassment. I hope . . . small men always admire big, flamboyant women. . . .

"Marry and range myself," he said again. "Who knows?"

[THE END.]

King of All!

THE King of all Tonics for the hair is "Rexall '93." It wards off Scurf, Dandruff, and kindred troubles, promotes healthy, luxurious growth and prevents faded or falling tresses. Don't wait until your hair "comes out in handfuls," use "Rexall '93" Hair Tonic to restore all the original sheen and beauty. It contains highly antiseptic and germicidal properties that cannot fail to benefit your hair.

Rexall
TRADE MARK
HAIR TONIC
Price 2/6 per bottle

Write for a copy of our illustrated brochure "The Care of the Hair," UNITED DRUG COMPANY, LIMITED, Manufacturing Chemists, NOTTINGHAM.

C.F.H.



MELOX PUPPY BISCUITS DE LUXE

The Health-Giving Dog Food

There are two strong reasons why you should feed your dog on this well-known dog food. Firstly, you would be giving him something he will enjoy, for these biscuits are so light and crisp, and so beautifully baked that all dogs eat them with avidity and enjoyment.

Apart from the appetising qualities of Melox Puppy Biscuits de Luxe their body-building and health-giving properties are unique.



They contain wonderful nourishing ingredients that build bone and muscle, give gloss to the coat, and keep a dog in continual perfect health.

Sold in 1/- Cartons of 2 lb. net weight by all corn merchants, etc.

Made by the manufacturers of the world-famous dog foods

MELOX AND MELOX MARVELS

Sole Makers: W. G. CLARKE & SONS, LTD., LIMEHOUSE, LONDON, E.

YOUR HANDS DESERVE DENT'S GLOVES



By her gloves you will know her

"They're off!" Thousands of pairs of hands raise field glasses. A soft murmur of hope—a little ejaculation of delight—and when the race is over you watch the hands about you.

Always where fashion meets, you meet Dent's Gloves, for the woman who is particular about her complete costume would think of no other glove. She discloses her inherent good taste by the gloves she wears—and they are Dent's. Charm and beauty unite to accentuate the slimmness of the wrist, the suppleness of the hand, the tapering grace of the fingers.

Dent's are, indeed, the beautiful glove for the beautiful hand.

A draper or glover can show you a wonderful wealth of designs created for you by Dent. And you can choose the glove to match precisely the costume or gown that you will wear.

Always look for this letter "D" which appears on the buttons of Dent's Gloves, or for the word "Dent's" within the wrist. By noticing it, you will know that you have the fashionable glove, noted for its quality for two centuries, and at a reasonable price.

DENT'S GLOVES

BROWNING ON BRIDGE.—XL.

COMMON MISTAKES IN PLAY.

THE three most common mistakes in the play of the hand are: (1) Not taking out adverse trumps; (2) Taking out adverse trumps; (3) Playing for finesses.

The third is the worst and most common mistake. Yet it is a mistake that will always be seen at bridge—like the poor, it will always be with us. The reason is not far to seek—the fascination of taking a finesse is (apparently) irresistible; the joy in making it successfully represents complete and full pleasure to player of the hand.

More games are lost at bridge from playing for finesses than from all the other mistakes rolled into one—or, to be strictly accurate, from the planning of the play of the hand so as to make a finesse possible.

It is tragic to see—that is, when you are dummy—hand after hand completely ruined through this extraordinary lunacy of going for finesses.

Here is a very common case—

B (dummy's) hand—

SPADES—A, 2.
HEARTS—Q, Kn, 10, 9, 8, 7.
CLUBS—x, x, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x.

A (player's) hand—

SPADES—Q, x, x.
HEARTS—A, x, x.
CLUBS—A, x, x.
DIAMONDS—K, Kn, x, x.

No-trumps. We will suppose that a diamond is led, and that A wins the trick. He will immediately use up his only entry into dummy—the ace of spades—so that he may suffer the joy of leading a heart through and letting it run. Very satisfactory, no doubt; but the very best way of ruining the hand. He should, of course, lead his own ace, and follow with a small heart. This

must be obvious; but, as it cuts out the finessing business, such play is rarely seen.

Or take this sort of position.

B (dummy's) hand—

SPADES—Q, Kn, 2.
HEARTS—K, 6.
CLUBS—x, x.
DIAMONDS—x, x.

A (player's) hand—

SPADES—A, 8, 7, 6, 5.
HEARTS—Q, 10, 5, 4.

Spades are trumps. It is A's lead. To get dummy in, A will lead the queen of hearts, hoping to get the ace out of the way of dummy's king. This play immediately reduces the probable trick-making value of the suit from two tricks to one; but still, that does not matter, since there is now a possibility of leading dummy's queen of trumps and giving it a run; and, to be sure, that's always worth it to finesser. And, mark, in this case the finesse does not even lie: the king, 10, 9 of trumps are held between Y and Z; no amount of finessing is going to prevent one of these cards winning a trick. So, in such a case, player of the hand deliberately ruins his joint heart holding to make a play that cannot possibly benefit him.

Hundreds of similar cases could be quoted, so I say to you all: Avoid finesses. Don't play the hand solely with the idea of making possible the taking of finesses at some later period; don't, even, when a finesse is ready-made for you, rush at it; only take it when absolutely necessary—in short, avoid finesses altogether! It will pay you in the long run; and remember that, in any event, you are taking but an even chance; indeed, some people go so far as to say that the odds are against a finesse. I personally know a man who says: "You may pretend that it's an even chance about bringing off a finesse; but all I know is that it is all 100 to 1 against. I think I am right in saying that the last one

I brought off occurred the year Tagalie won the Derby."

But the most astonishing class of finesse play is to lead the queen from queen and small cards in one hand, up to ace and small in the opposite hand. Nine players out of ten do this, yet I am convinced that not one of the nine knows why he does it, or what he hopes will happen when he does it. One thing is certain—it is the most absurd play that can be made at bridge.

As regards (1), I need merely say that a great number of players postpone the extraction of adverse trumps till late in play, when it is their obvious duty to take them out at once. Often they will lead one round and stop; then switch to a suit allowing opponents to make a trump or two by ruffing. They learn no lesson thereby, merely saying: "How could I imagine the second round would be trumped?" They take it as a personal insult that it is so, too; but they make exactly the same play next time, and with exactly the same result. There is nothing that I know of to account for this idiosyncrasy in play, except, perhaps, that players are in terror at parting with their own trumps or dummy's; or it may be that they like looking at those trumps lying on the table opposite them—and, in truth, they are jolly-looking little fellows to keep exposed over the way. It is an expensive business, all the same, and I strongly recommend players to take out trumps at the very first opportunity. Never postpone the extraction of adverse trumps for one single round, when that line of play is clearly indicated.

The funny part about not leading trumps is that these same players, especially when their own trump holding is very strong in honours, will remove all dummy's quickly, although his trumps plainly can be put to good use in ruffing sundry losers; or (and, of course, this is, as a rule, neither so easy nor such an obvious proposition), when it is

(Continued overleaf.)



Illustrating the result of our Permanent Wave.

Beauty and all that Beauty Means

That is the message Permanent Waving brings to the woman with straight hair. Francis studies the individuality of each client, employing the process best suited to the nature of the hair, as well as the type of wave that is most becoming. Expert operators, of many years' experience, are in attendance. All advice is given free, and nothing is undertaken that will not prove successful.

We use the pure olive-oil process. The straightest and coarsest hair is rendered beautifully soft and glossy.

In the course of our researches we have associated with Mons. Henry Tapias, who has specialised in the art of Permanent Hair Waving for the past 14 years, and who is perhaps the greatest expert in the West End.

POSTICHES.

Francis creates Postiches that are a constant joy, not only to those who wear them, but to all to whom the beautiful in art appeals. The last word in style, design, and workmanship.

FRANCIS
Coiffeur de Dames
3 HANOVER SQUARE LONDON, W.1.

tel.: MAYFAIR 1308

PARFUMERIE de LUXE.

Exclusive toilette preparations, also many series of perfumes by the best known French makers.

When visiting THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION "Make the Gazeway Lounge your rendezvous"—in the Palace of Engineering.

An Invitation to view the wonders of "THE GAZEWAY" at Surbiton—on the Portsmouth Road



THE GAZEWAY is the home of beautiful Model Gardens and novel ideas in furnishing and decoration and a cordial invitation to view is extended to all who are interested.

It is a mistaken idea that the conversion of a garden of the ordinary kind to one of real beauty is necessarily only possible at very great expense. It is rather a matter for surprise that pretty rock gardens and ornamental retreats planned on artistic lines should not be more frequently met with.



"The Gazeway" is a revelation in garden craftsmanship and a fine selection of garden ornaments is available for purchase.

Write for "Gardens" Booklet SI, or "COME to THE GAZEWAY" facing the river at Surbiton.



10, CONDUIT ST., LONDON, W.1.

And at KINGSTON, SURBITON, WALTON and WEYBRIDGE.

Mayfair 3973-4

Kingston 3000 (six lines)

W. H. Gaze & Sons, Ltd.



The Good-night Peep

As you look at your precious possession, you make a mental vow that, whatever the sacrifice, this wee mite of yours shall have good health and happiness.

That is why you will feed Baby yourself, but if this is not possible

you cannot do better than give Baby Glaxo, the Super-Milk Food that contains the Vitamins and is free from the risk of Tuberculosis.

Glaxo has been successfully used to rear properly the babies in four Royal Nurseries.

Ask your Doctor!



BY ROYAL
APPOINTMENT
TO THE COURT
OF ITALY

Glaxo



BY ROYAL
APPOINTMENT
TO THE COURT
OF SPAIN

"Builds Bonnie Babies"

Awarded the Gold Medal at the International Medical Congress Exhibition, London, 1913, and the Silver Medal (Highest Award) at the Royal Sanitary Institute Exhibition, Birmingham, 1920, and Hull, 1923.

GLAXO (Dept. 192), 56 OSNABURGH STREET, LONDON, N.W.1



Continued.]

essential to establish a suit before touching trumps at all. As here—

B (dummy's) hand—

SPADES—x.

HEARTS—Q, 10, 9, 5, 4.

CLUBS—x, x, x.

DIAMONDS—x, x, x, x.

A (player's) hand—

SPADES—A, K, Q, Kn, 8.

HEARTS—K, Kn, 8, 2.

CLUBS—x.

DIAMONDS—A, x, x.

Spades are trumps. Opponents play clubs, A trumping the second round. Few players here could resist trump play. Yet it is fatal. It must take four rounds to clear adverse trumps. YZ then jump in with the ace of hearts and make their remaining clubs. A, therefore, must postpone leading trumps until he has got this ace of hearts out of the way. Opponent on winning the heart trick will presumably go on with clubs. This trick A must pass; but, on regaining the lead in diamonds, he plays trumps, and, if they break evenly—four in one hand and three in the other—he must go game.

BRIDGE PROBLEM NO. 15.

Our last two problems having proved too difficult, here is an easy one to be going on with.

SPADES—None.

HEARTS—9.

CLUBS—A, 5, 4.

DIAMONDS—Kn, 4, 3, 2.

B

SPADES—7.

HEARTS—6.

CLUBS—10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 2.

DIAMONDS—None.

SPADES—6, 4.

HEARTS—None.

CLUBS—K, 3.

DIAMONDS—9, 8, 6, 5.

A

SPADES—8, 5.

HEARTS—5, 4, 3.

CLUBS—Q, Kn.

DIAMONDS—7.

There are no-trumps. A to lead and make seven tricks against any possible defence.

Solutions received before next Monday will be acknowledged.

AT THE SIGN OF THE CINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

"BODEN'S BOY."

(A HEPWORTH PICTURE PLAY; RELEASED MARCH 17.)

HERE is a screen play that depends first and foremost on the human appeal of its story, and on its admirable interpretation; yet I wager it will prove as great a "winner" as all the stupendous scenic and super achievements of the American producers. I do not mean to suggest that "Boden's Boy" has no beauty of setting—it has! The traffic of the London streets, with its atmosphere of ceaseless toil and humble, unrecorded effort, is a splendid piece of photography. So, too, are the pretty up-river scenes; and Boden's cottage—the last remainder of his brief spell of prosperity—is an exquisite setting for love's young dream. But neither the exteriors nor the interiors are allowed to swamp the action or the acting. They form delightful backgrounds, and backgrounds they remain. Mr. Henry Edwards, the producer-actor, is a true artist, and has prepared for us, in both capacities, a perfect picture. It will be remembered by Tom Gallon's many readers that 'Enry Boden, a shop-assistant, shy, awkward, common and sensitive, came into a fortune, that he found himself utterly unable to live up to it, and decided to adopt a little boy, who might do more credit to his wealth. By a trick of Fate, the "little boy" turns out to be a young man, left penniless just when he hopes to go to Oxford. Boden of the golden heart and innate good taste agrees to appear in the matter, not as a wealthy man offering charity, but as trustee of a large sum left to the youth. So, when Boden has been thoroughly fleeced by the father of his lovely secretary, he appears in the light of

a thief in the eyes of his "boy." Heart-broken, he does not rest until he has made the sacrifice of the remnant of his wealth, and of the girl he adores, to make her and his "boy" happy. Then, content in their happiness, he plunges once more, a commonplace and poor young man, into the maelstrom of the City.

The story is capitally told, holding our attention from first to last, with many a laugh and a tear or two. Mr. Henry Edwards as Boden gives a beautiful performance, full of dexterous little touches that build up a distinct and wholly lovable character. His utter lack of self-confidence, his sensitive intuition that he is all wrong; that he was not, as he puts it, "caught young enough" to learn good manners, are most convincingly conveyed, and find a fine foil in Bob Russell's correct, reserved, but devoted valet. Henry Vibart adds another excellent portrait of a kindly solicitor to his gallery. He is always natural and sincere, as well as picturesque. Stephen Ewart, as the gentlemanly rogue, and Francis Lister as the "boy," are both well cast and well in the picture. Miss Chrissie White is the heroine, and whilst she is attractive and pleasantly reposeful, she does not rise to any emotional heights even in the more dramatic scenes.

In a secretary such self-restraint is highly commendable; in a woman, and at times a very unhappy woman, I could have wished for a little more warmth of feeling.

"BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE."

(GENERAL RELEASE, MARCH 17.)

"Wha wadna fecht for Charlie?" asks the old Scottish ballad-monger. Who indeed, if Charlie was anything like as gallant and gracious a Prince as Ivor Novello makes him, or had so spirited and loyal an advocate as the fair Flora of Miss Gladys Cooper's creation. It is, alas! a sad historical fact

(Continued overleaf.)

HALL'S DISTEMPER

(REGD TRADE MARK)

For new or old homes!

There is no decoration to compare in artistic beauty, or in the practical advantages it offers, with Hall's Distemper.

Hall's Distemper colours stand fast on new plaster walls.

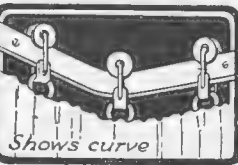
Decoration with Hall's Distemper in place of wallpaper will so freshen up the "old home" as to give all the benefits of a change to a new one.

Sole Manufacturers:

SISSONS BROTHERS & Co., Ltd., — HULL and LONDON.



By Appointment
to H.M. the King.



The dainty appearance of every window in your home can be improved by the fitting of the

"CHALLENGE" Patent Rustless CURTAIN RUNNER

The great feature of the "CHALLENGE" is its Adaptability. It's also so Simple. The rail is easily bent by hand (without tools) to ANY shape of window. The "CHALLENGE" roller-bearing runners make curtains "glide at a touch," and completely do away with the tugging, jerking and straining of out-of-date methods.

But get free descriptive Booklet S.K.—it fully explains all points.

CHALCO, LTD. (Dept. S.K.), Summer Row, Birmingham

For household
cleaning

SUTTON'S Cloudy Ammonia.

For sponging
clothes and
carpets

Sole Manufacturers: G. F. Sutton Sons & Co., Osborne Works, King's Cross, London, N.7

Meltis

Regd.

CHOCOLATES

"Supreme," "King George,"
"Gaiety," and other assortments
in 2-lb., 1-lb. and ½-lb. Boxes

CROSSMITH'S
TSANG-IHANG
REGD

Sweet **PERFUME** of Thibet.
"The twain shall meet."

Out of the Mystic East, like the breath of a thousand flowers, comes Tsang-lhang, adding another grace to Western beauty.

TSANG-IHANG FACE POWDER ensures a perfect complexion.

TSANG - IHANG TOILET CREAM (vanishing) produces a soft, velvety surface, and is beneficial to the most delicate skin.

Perfume, 2/9; 4/9; 9/6.
Face Powder, 9d.; 1/2.
Toilet Cream, 1/-, etc.

Of all Chemists and Perfumers, or from the sole Proprietors.

J. GROSSMITH & SON, Ltd.
Distillers of Perfumes and fine Soap Makers.
Newgate Street, LONDON.



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge.



NEW HATS for PRESENT WEAR



FINE PEDAL HAT, exact copy of Maria Guy Model, lined satin to face and trimmed satin on crown. In black, navy, and brown. **6 Gns.**

This hat will be found in our Model Millinery Salon on the First Floor.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

HAND MIRROR

HAIR BRUSH HAIR BRUSH

CLOTH BRUSH

COMB

A
Charming Tortoiseshell & Silver Toilet Service of Fine Quality and Unequalled Value

Hand Mirror, with bevelled Glass.
2 Hair Brushes, with fine quality Bristles.

Cloth and Hat Brushes,
Tortoiseshell Comb,
£21 0 0

CATALOGUES SENT FREE.
SELECTIONS FOR APPROVAL.

The
Goldsmiths & Silversmiths
Company Ltd

Only Address

112, Regent Street,
London, W.1.



Continued]

that Flora MacDonald did not arrive on the scene of action until the final chapter of Prince Charlie's ill-fated enterprise had been reached, when she helped him in his flight to Skye. Nevertheless, the romantic needs of the screen are sufficient justification for her earlier introduction; and her meeting with the Prince in the ball-room of Holyrood Castle forms a charming episode. But Miss Alicia Ramsay, who is responsible for the scenario, has been less happily inspired in her "villain" and his paid spy. I felt that the machinations of these two rather interfered with the fateful march of events which carried the Prince to the pinnacles of triumph, and thence to the bitterest depths of defeat. After the Battle of Culloden, filmed on the actual scene of that historic conflict, Charlie's desperate flight begins, and from this point onwards the screen-drama seems to come closer to history; henceforth the story grips in its intense human interest. The Prince, with a price of £30,000 on his head, and one staunch supporter by his side, takes to the moors. There, all royal appanage flung to the winds, he is just a poor, hunted, starving boy, harried from pillar to post, and very near breaking-point when Flora MacDonald comes to his rescue. History

suggests no reason for Flora's courage and devotion—certainly no love-motive. Captain Calvert, the producer of this British Screen-

craft film, is all the more to be congratulated on the skill with which he has handled his material, and on the rather wistful quality he has introduced into the scenes between Flora and the Prince. We are left with the memory of a love that might have blossomed had not their destinies thrust these two so far asunder. Both Miss Cooper and Mr. Novello convey this tenderly pathetic under-current with unerring artistry.



"JOSEPHINE": THE ENCHANTING PICTURE BY RALPH PEACOCK.

Londoners will remember the sensation which was caused by "Josephine," the delightful picture by Ralph Peacock exhibited in last year's Academy, and it is good news to hear that beautiful coloured reproductions of the picture have been put on the market by Messrs. S. Hildesheimer and Co., at prices which range from 19s. 6d. to £3. Ordinary colour prints, or chromo-gravure prints edition-de-luxe are obtainable; and a limited number of artist's signed proofs of both reproductions are being issued. Applications for copies and details of prices may be sent to this office.

SCOTCH WOOLLIES SHOWN SOUTH OF THE TWEED.

AT this season one is especially interested in knitted suits and costumes, both for sports and general wear. It must be carefully noted, therefore, that the well-known firm of Greensmith Downes, Prince's Street, Edinburgh, are holding interesting exhibitions of their real Scottish knitted specialities in several parts of England during the next few weeks. In London, one will be held at the Dean Hotel, Oxford Street, W., from 10 a.m. to 6 p.m. daily from March 24 to April 1. At Birmingham the exhibition will be given in the Grand Hotel on April 3 and 4; and in Manchester at the Queen's Hotel, April 6 and 7. At Liverpool it will take place in the Midland Adelphi Hotel on Thursday and Friday, April 10 and 11. Readers should also note that this firm's new catalogue is ready, and will be sent gratis and post free on application.



THE SCALE MODEL OF PHYLLIS COURT CLUB, HENLEY, SHOWING IMPROVEMENTS CARRIED OUT BY WARING AND GILLOW.

Phyllis Court has recently undergone extensive improvements, and will shortly reopen, more charming than ever. The new Great Western Road, which cuts out Brentford and Hounslow, a considerable section of which is now open, brings the Club within an easy motor run of town.



Warwick Wright says—

EVER noticed these old gentlemen who go about with long beards and square hats?

They're out of date, aren't they? The tide of advancement has slipped past them.

Has it ever struck you that your car may, metaphorically, wear a long beard and a square hat? And that it, too, has been left behind in the March of Progress?

Why not make yourself up-to-date, give yourself better and much cheaper motoring, and incidentally save money, by acquiring a first-class modern car?

You will be agreeably surprised at the terms upon which you can do this if you care to consult me on the matter. Particularly now that the Talbot Prices have been reduced.

WARWICK WRIGHT, LTD.,

S. T. D. HOUSE,

150, New Bond St., London, W.1

Telephone: Mayfair 6504-5.

Telegrams: "Talsundar, Phone, London."



THE SUPREME
SUNBEAM

Distributors

INVINCIBLE
TALBOT DARRACQ
VALUE FOR MONEY

Sole London Distributors

West End Showrooms. Sole Distributors for London and Southern Counties.



TRIUMPH

MAKES NIGHT RIDING SAFE & PLEASURABLE.

ANY MOTOR CYCLIST who has once ridden behind a filament appreciates the many advantages of electric lamps. The steady, penetrating light, which is inexhaustible and always available, turns night riding into a pleasure. There is no flickering, no jolting out over bad roads, objects are revealed and clearly defined and safety assured.

The TRUSTY TRIUMPH—world-famed for faultless service, comfort and economy—is equipped like a car with electric lamps and bulb horn, ready for the road—no extras to fit and pay for.

Triumphs are better value than ever at prices from £51 10s. od. cash, or by easy monthly instalments.

Send a postcard to-day for our latest Catalogue, post free.

TRIUMPH CYCLE CO., LTD., COVENTRY.
LONDON: 218, GT. PORTLAND STREET, W.1
and at LEEDS, MANCHESTER and GLASGOW.
Agents everywhere.

Endowed with all benefits of a super-efficient engine and combining comfort and simplicity in a wonderful degree, the Triumph 10/20 h.p. is a most satisfying Car for the Owner Driver. Full details on request.

LISTER-BRUSTON

A Boon to Country House Owners.

THE "Lister-Bruston" Electric Lighting Plant is completely automatic.

YOU simply switch on the light and the Plant starts operating immediately. The engine starts itself and stops itself as occasion demands.

IT needs no skilled attention.

WE maintain all Plants for 12 months free.

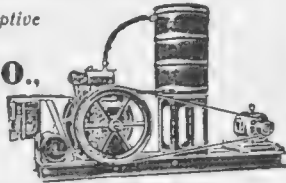
WE have engineers in all parts of the country for inspection and maintenance service.

THE "Lister-Bruston" system has been installed for over 14 years, and Plants may be seen working in every part of Great Britain.

Write for Illustrated Descriptive Catalogue, post free from

R. A. LISTER & CO., LTD.

London Office: 53, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.



Protected by Patents.

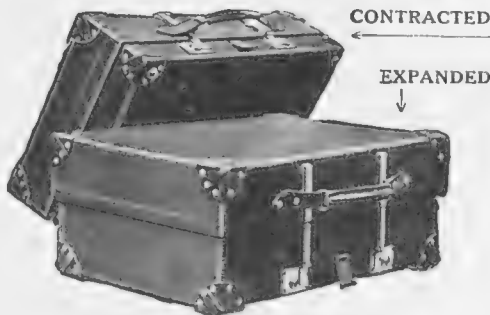
The Instantaneous Success

of the Revelation Expanding Suit Case is explained in the unanimous verdict of all who use it. . . "It is inconceivable that anyone who has seen a Revelation could spend money on an old-fashioned 'one capacity' case."

The Revelation is instantly compressible to week-end size yet is extensible, as each fresh call is made upon it, up to the trunk-like capacity which a month from home demands; and it looks at any size.

The economy and convenience of having One case only for every occasion is obvious.

The Revelation Rigid EXPANDING SUITCASE



Call at 169, Piccadilly (facing Bond Street) or at the leading shop in your town, to have this simple but perfect invention demonstrated to you, and see the many styles and sizes at prices to suit all purses.

If you cannot call send for fully illustrated List "J" and name of local agent.
The REVELATION EXPANDING SUIT CASE Co., Ltd.
169, Piccadilly (facing Bond Street), LONDON, W.1.

*Phone, Regent 4318.

Have a Revelation and be proud of your luggage.

NICOLL'S of REGENT STREET



SPRING SUITS

Two important items prevail in every Nicoll Suit

QUALITY & VALUE

Fine quality cloths, cut and made by experienced tailors, at prices fixed on the most reasonable basis consistent with the best in material, workmanship and finish.

NICOLL'S SUITINGS

To carry on a vast business in the centre of Regent Street with any but high-grade cloths is unthinkable, in fact, impossible.

EXCLUSIVE MATERIALS

Scotch Cheviots, Saxonomies, Cashmeres, Serges, Tweeds, Homespun, Fine Wools and Worsted, present not only the most comprehensive selections of Spring and Summer cloths, but the newest in designs and colourings, confined exclusively to Nicoll's.

Ranges of Patterns, together with Prices, sent on request.



NICOLL'S QUICKSILVER WEATHERPROOFS

Keep one healthfully dry, warm and comfortable in every kind of weather

Rain runs off their surface like quicksilver from the hand, yet they

VENTILATE NATURALLY

Illustrations of Models, Patterns and Prices Post Free.



H. J. NICOLL & CO. LTD.
114-120 REGENT STREET W.1

Rue Tronchet PARIS and John Dalton St. MANCHESTER

NOVEL NOTES.

THE CONSCIENCE OF GAVIN BLANE.
By W. E. NORRIS. (Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

This story of two young people, a brother and sister, who have been left very badly off at the death of their father, is a good example of Mr. Norris's invariably pleasant and human work. Gavin Blane, an Oxford man, found it hard enough to make a living; his sister Gertie did rather better for herself as a secretary. An old uncle cast off his son and made Gavin his heir; but on his death he left a letter which showed that he meant to reinstate his son. Conscience forced Gavin to renounce his fortune, and this involved the loss of something more precious. But Mr. Norris does not leave his hero in despair. A most agreeable and quite likely story.

PERISSA. By S. P. B. MAIS. (Grant Richards; 7s. 6d.)

The schoolmaster is abroad once more in Mr. Mais's new story; but he is not the central figure. The hero is again a young man at a loose end, one Julian Dethick, who gets himself into sad trouble through his inclination towards amorous adventure. He will not let us love him; and, although the story has rush and go, and the usual brisk touch of sport, it seems as if the author were a little tired of the line that he follows. His originality must be equal to a change of theme, which will be welcome.

A CURE OF SOULS. By MAY SINCLAIR.
(Hutchinson; 7s. 6d.)

The utterly selfish and self-indulgent parson certainly does exist, and he offers a tempting subject to Miss May Sinclair, who has here exposed the type without mercy. Canon Chamberlain did not deserve mercy; but his case must not be read as a general indictment of the clergy. Nor is it intended in that sense. The Canon was a past-master in the art which Mr. Shaw in "Methuselah" claims as chiefly characteristic of the Englishman—the gentle art of making other people do his work for him. This unheroic priest managed always to take the soft and easy way, no matter what the cost might be to others. A sharp, hard study, in Miss Sinclair's most biting manner; but vastly entertaining, and, as a portrait of a type, true.

SILK, A LEGEND. By SAMUEL MERWIN.
(Constable; 7s. 6d.)

There is a fine freshness about this romance of Old China. The time is two thousand years ago, and the story turns largely upon the silk trade with Rome, which had grown to a surprising extent. The secluded Chinese, ignorant of the Western World, could not conceive of a nation rich enough to trade on the scale of their unknown customer. Hence the mission of the young hero, Jan Po, to Balkh, and a series of lively adventures excellently told. A romance of the old world is a pleasant relief from the melancholy of

so much present-day fiction, and hearty thanks are due to Mr. Merwin for a capital book.

THE MAN WHO NEVER UNDERSTOOD. (John Lane; 7s. 6d.)

This series of passionate love letters bears no author's name, and it may be indiscreet to guess. Possibly, however, the "Mr. Boyne" who is affectionately addressed may wish, if he be a real person, that his fair correspondent had not given so many "lights" (as they say in acrostics) on her own identity; for occasionally one seems to detect a known individuality. The letters are readable, and contain a considerable element of romance. They also reveal the mind and heart of modern woman in one of her more neurotic and extravagant aspects. If they are fiction, they will pass very well for fact, and vice-versa.

PALS FIRST. By F. P. ELLIOTT. (Long; 7s. 6d.)

Two shady knaves, one young, one old, though only one in crime was bold, perambulate the U.S.A., seeking adventures by the way. The elder, once an English vicar, at robbery felt his courage flicker; but scrupled not to live at ease upon his comrade's villainies. The younger, ere the tale is done, was taken for a long-lost son; and for a time his pal and he enjoyed a life of luxury. It's rot, but droll, and just the style, a railway journey to beguile.

For Sore, Tired, Tender Feet, Corns, Callouses, and all Bad Foot Troubles, use Hot Saltrated Water.

Grandmother's old-fashioned home treatment? Yes! but it is the one quick, sure, safe and painless way to permanently cure bad foot afflictions. Try it!

Good Advice to Dancers by
Mlle. YVONNE ARNAUD

"Dancing is always very, very bad for the feet. So, to dance well one must first learn to keep all foot troubles away, just as one must learn to breathe right before learning to sing. Such *malheurs* as corns and aches would make dancing painful to perform and not pleasant to see.



This is why good dancers cannot afford to have bad feet, and so they do not have them. But why is it that so few others know how to take the right care of the feet, when it is so easy to keep them well and beautiful? Ordinary saltrated water quickly softens even the very deepest corns so they come right out, root and all, leaving only a

Photo: Foulisnam & Banfield, tiny hole that soon closes," says a beautiful French dancer. The following extract from a recent interesting article explains how anyone can not only obtain perfect foot comfort immediately, but also keep the feet sound and healthy, exactly as professional dancers do.

"I am telling you a secret of the theatrical profession. You merely ask for half a pound of Reudel Bath Saltrates, easily obtained at slight cost from any chemist. A small handful dissolved in a foot bath medicates the water like at the famous Continental spas, and it is at once filled with oxygen which you can feel acting on the skin. I find it oh! so fragrant, refreshing and—invigorating is the word, is it not? When the feet are tired, aching or calloused and swollen from walking or dancing, a saltrated foot bath quickly relieves these and even more painful foot troubles. The skin becomes *très lisse*, so clear and beautiful. *C'est extraordinaire.*"

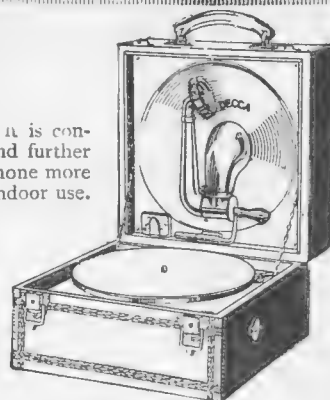
Music any time and anywhere.

The Decca is so light and so compact that it is conveniently taken anywhere. Reduced prices and further improvements make this unique little gramophone more than ever desirable both for outdoor and for indoor use.

THE DECCA
THE PORTABLE GRAMOPHONE

8 Models from £3:3:0 to £9:9:0
Of Music Dealers, Stores, etc.

Decca Book, containing unique photographs received from Decca enthusiasts, post free from
"DECCA," 36, Worship St., London, E.C.2.
(Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)



On Exhibition at 'OLYMPIA
(Ideal Home), WHITE CITY
(B.I.F.), WEMBLEY (British
Empire Exhibition).

KIDNEY TROUBLES

GOUT—RHEUMATISM—ARTERIO-SCLEROSIS

EVIAN-CACHAT
DIETETIC WATER

THE SEASON OF EVIAN

French side of the Lake of Geneva.

MAY—OCTOBER

LASTING CLEARNESS AND DELICACY OF COMPLEXION

are ensured by the regular daily use of LA-ROLA. When Spring winds blow, their harshness holds no discomfort for the girl who before going out fortifies her complexion with

BEETHAM'S
La-rola

(as pre-war)

LA-ROLA, besides being a wonderfully soothing emollient, is a penetrating skin tonic which nourishes the deeper skin tissues and makes the surface complexion clear, smooth, white and radiant with the glow of health. Use LA-ROLA on hands, neck and arms as well. If applied to the face before Motoring, it will save you all discomfort.

From all Chemists and Stores in bottles,
1/6

PALE COMPLEXIONS

may be greatly improved by just a touch of "LA-ROLA ROSE BLOOM," which gives a perfectly natural tint to the cheeks. No one can tell it is artificial. It gives THE BEAUTY SPOT!
BOXES 1/-

M. BEETHAM & SON
Cheltenham Spa,
ENGLAND

REAL IVORY NECKLACES

Guaranteed Genuine African Ivory, 30 inches long 20/—, 27 inches long 18/—, 24 inches long 16/— (Round or Oval). Unique, yet inexpensive. An Ideal Gift. Money refunded if not fully satisfied.

H. MATTHEWS,
457a, Kingston Road, Raynes Park, S.W.20.

HIGH GRADE
AND FASHIONABLE
SHOES
AT SPECIAL PRICES.



Smart Patent
and Black Suede
Shoe.

Price 59/6



Smart Brown
Crocodile Shoe,
cross strapped
with brown calf.

Price 84/-



Smart tan suede
with Calf Sandal
Shoe, L. XV.

Price 59/6

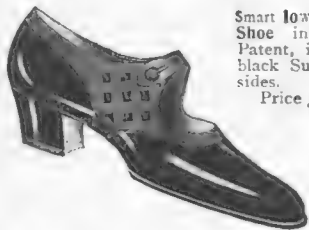
Similar shoe in
black suede with
Glacé strapping.
Price 59/6



Nigger calf 2-
bar Shoe, strap-
ping nigger
deer, smart Mil-
itary heel

Price 59/6

Similar shoe in
grey.



Smart 10 1/2-heeled
Shoe in black
Patent, inset of
black Suede at
sides.

Price 49/6



Smart patent 1-
Bar Shoe, buckle
on vamp. L.
XV. heel.

Price 59/6

Sent
on
approval.

**MARSHALL &
SNELGROVE**
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Write for Catalogue.



By Appointment

GORRINGES



By Appointment

Exclusive Coats and Skirts for Spring

Post orders should be accompanied by remittance or leading business house reference.
Carriage paid in the U.K. Special Booklets of Coats and Skirts ready in a few days.



"NEWBURY"

Tailor-made COAT AND SKIRT cut on graceful lines, composed of novel self stripe Gabardine, Coat finished one Button to tone. Straight well-tailored Skirt. Dark Fawn, Beaver, Navy, Black, Mole or Grey. S.W., W., and O.S. sizes -

£5:15:6

"BOSCOMBE"

Dainty COAT AND SKIRT composed of Gabardine. Smartly cut Coat effectively trimmed self-colour Silk, Russia Braid. Graceful, well-hung Skirt. Grey, Putty, Mole, Navy or Black. S.W., W., and O.S. sizes -

£4:19:6

"BATH"

Delightful COAT AND SKIRT composed of Gabardine, cut on simple lines. The rich Silk Military Braid on the Coat adds character and distinction. Plain, well-tailored Skirt. Fawn, Brown, Mid Grey, Beaver, Navy or Black. S.W., W., and O.S. sizes -

£6:6:0

FREDERICK GORRINGE, Ltd., Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1.



TO HIS LATE MAJESTY
KING EDWARD VII

Carpets Cleaned

**The Compressed Air Carpet-
Cleaning and Beating Co., Ltd.,**

GLENTHORNE ROAD, HAMMERSMITH. W.6.

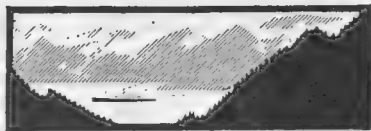
'PHONE: HAMMERSMITH 611.

HULLO, MOTOR-FOLK!

Do not disturb your capital, buy a new car on deferred payments. Ask TWELVETREES for particulars.

CAPTAIN RICHARD TWELVETREES,
F. & P. Vandervell, 199, Piccadilly, W.1.
Phone: Gerrard 562.

Tel. : 52 Broxbourne Lt.-Col. RICHARDSON'S
AIREDALES
Specially trained against burglars,
for ladies' guards; not quarrelsome.
Safe children.
From 10 Gns. Pups 5 Gns.
JUST PUBLISHED:
WATCH DOGS, THEIR
TRAINING & MANAGEMENT
7/6. Post 9d. Publishers
(Hutchinson) and all booksellers.
BROXBORNE, HERTS.
30 mins. from Liverpool Street.



THE ROYAL MAIL LINE

HOLIDAY CRUISES TO
NORWAY
& MEDITERRANEAN
BY
RMSP "ARCADIAN"
FROM 20 GUINEAS

"GET THE CRUISING HABIT!"

SEND FOR
BROCHURE
NO 15

THE ROYAL MAIL STEAM PACKET CO
LONDON - ATLANTIC HOUSE MOORGATE E.C. 2.
& AMERICA HOUSE COCKSPUR STREET S.W. 1.
LIVERPOOL - BIRMINGHAM - MANCHESTER
GLASGOW - SOUTHAMPTON
OR LOCAL
AGENT

Supremacy

A Barry Hat
GUARANTEED

The
Designs and Productions
of
François Barry,

WHOLESALE ONLY. Phone: Mayfair 7086. 83, Great Portland St., W.1.
Discriminating buyers would be interested in our gowns.

DISCOMFORT OF BALDNESS

Do you know that we can make you a replica of your hair as it used to be—a Toupé perfectly natural in design and colour, blending imperceptibly with your own hair and defying the closest scrutiny?

Call and let us demonstrate to you the wonderful improvement, or send for booklet

Toupés from 3 Guineas.

C. BOND & SON, 64/66, Duke St., W.1.

Five doors from Oxford Street (close to Selfridge's).
Headquarters for Gentlemen's Toupés and Complete Wigs.



AMUSEMENTS.

ADELPHI. (Ger. 2645 & 8886) Nightly, 8. Thurs. & Sats., 2.30.
"DIPLOMACY."
GLADYS COOPER. OWEN NARES.

DALY'S. Evenings, at 8.15. Mat. Wed. & Sat., 2.15.
"MADAME POMPADOUR."
A New Musical Comedy.

GAIETY. JOSE COLLINS in "CATHERINE."
Music by Tschaikowsky. Nightly, 8.15. Mats. Tues. and Sat., 2.15. (Ger. 2780)

GLOBE. (Ger. 8724-5) Evgs. 8.15. Mats. Wed. & Sat., 2.15.
W. Somerset Maugham's Sensational Play, "OUR BETTERS."
Margaret Bannerman. Constance Collier. Marion Terry.
Alfred Drayton. Reginald Owen. Ronald Squire. Stuart Sage.

KINGSWAY. (Ger. 4032) Holborn Tube Station. "KATE."
Nightly, 8.15. Matinee Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.30.
Marjorie Gordon. Frederick Ranalow.
Sydney Fairbrother. Nellie Briercliffe.

PRINCES. GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS.
RUPERT D'OYLY CARTE'S SEASON. Every Evg., 8.15. Mats. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CONRI TAIT'S FAMOUS DANCE BAND.
Enquiries for PROVINCIAL ENGAGEMENTS, apply
THE SECRETARY, 11, Brunswick Street, SHEFFIELD. Tel. Central 3078 Sheffield.

AUTHORS.—WANTED, POEMS, PLAYS, NOVELS,
CHILDREN'S STORIES, Etc.
(Known or Unknown Authors.)

Write MORLAND, Publisher, Amersham, Bucks.

Established 1905

THE HOLBEIN VALET SERVICE TURN GARMENTS
PERFECTLY. PRICE LIST.—88, PIMLICO ROAD, S.W.1. Phone Victoria 7190.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SKETCH" PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.

INLAND
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £2 18s. 9d.
Six Months, £1 8s. 2d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 10s. 7d.
Three Months, 14s. 1d. (or including Christmas Number), 16s. 6d.

CANADA.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 0s. 11d.
Six Months, £1 9s. 3d. (or with Christmas Number), £1 11s. 8d.
Three Months, 14s. 7d. (or with Christmas Number), 17s.

ELSEWHERE ABROAD.
Twelve Months (including Christmas Number), £3 5s. 3d.
Six Months, £1 11s. 5d. (or including Christmas Number), £1 13s. 10d.
Three Months, 15s. 9d. (or including Christmas Number), 18s. 2d.

Remittances may be made by Cheques, payable to THE SKETCH, and crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Ltd.," and by Postal and Money Orders, payable at the East Strand Post Office, to THE SKETCH, of 172, Strand, London, W.C.2.

MIRA WATERS The newly discovered Waters which have aroused such great interest among physicians on the Continent and are doing the same here.

For Gout, Gravel, Gallstone, Gastric Catarrh, Obesity, Hemorrhoids—a single bottle of MIRA MEDICINAL WATER has a remarkable effect.

For Disorders of the Stomach and Intestines, Auto-intoxication, Pyorrhea, Skin Diseases (boils, rash, eczema) due to digestive derangements—MIRA APERIENT WATER.

Price: Mira Medicinal 2/6, Mira Aperient 2/6, post free from EVERETT & CO., (Dept. M 5, Lloyd's Avenue, London, E.C.3, or from your chemist.

The EVAN WILLIAMS HENNA SHAMPOO
KEEPS THE HAIR YOUNG
used by PRETTY WOMEN all over the WORLD.
OF ALL CHEMISTS & HAIRDRESSERS.
Chaventre, 289 Oxford St., W.1.

JUST OUT.

GARDEN DEVELOPMENT

BY T. GEOFFREY W. HENSLOW, M.A., F.R.H.S.,

Author of "Garden Construction," etc.

Every gardener's Guide to garden alterations, garden development, garden improvement, garden maintenance. Advice from experience.

15/-
NET.

London: DEAN & SON, Ltd., Debrett House, 29, King Street, Covent Garden, W.C.2.

YOUNG LADIES' CONFIRMATION FROCKS of Exclusive Design

We have specially designed a number of Confirmation Frocks for Young Ladies, which we stock in all sizes, and we shall be pleased to send a selection of frocks similar to the illustration on approval.

CONFIRMATION FROCK in rich quality crêpe-de-Chine, simply made with tunic front, bordered with band of tiny tucks, the same trimming arranged at waist line and on sleeves. Puritan collar at neck. In sizes 39, 42 and 45 inches.

PRICE
98/6

Rising 7/6 each size.

**Debenham
& Freebody**
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



Harvey Nichols
of Knightsbridge

Dainty Underwear at Special Prices

CAMI-KNICKERS of dainty design, in crêpe-de-Chine, made by our own workers. The panel sides are trimmed with frills edged with lace, and ribbon draw-string through waist, finishing in soft ties at sides. In a lovely range of colourings.

PRICE
39/6

In rich satin beauté .. 59/6



HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W. 1.

Excelsior Shoes for Ladies

Beneath the perfect style and refined finish of Excelsior Shoes there is concealed a wealth of detail that makers of lesser priced shoes could not possibly afford.

These costly little details make Excelsior Shoes "A Joy to Wear." They also ensure lasting shapeliness and add months to the useful life of the shoes.

To buy Excelsior Shoes is to practise true economy and at the same time possess the comforting feeling of being perfectly dressed.



"A Shoe
of Beauty
and a Joy
to Wear."

Excelsior

MODEL 4002

In Beaver Glace Kid with Dark Brown strappings, also in Best Black Suede with Glace Kid Strappings.



Excelsior

MODEL 4001

In Brown Willow Calf, Grey Willow Calf, or Patent leather. Medium substance sole. Leather heel.



If you experience any difficulty in obtaining Excelsior Shoes, please write for name of nearest agent to the sole makers, G. F. HUTCHINGS & Co., Ltd., Excelsior Works, BRISTOL.

NO MORE WOMEN WITH GREY HAIR.

Grey-haired people all over the country are hastening to avail themselves of the new wonderful "REMIDO," which actually re-fills grey hair with the natural colour.

There is no need for any member of the public to run the risk of experiment with doubtful hair dyes.

"REMIDO"

Safety Hair Colouring has established itself as the Standard Remedy for grey hair.

There are no conditions of hair that "REMIDO" will not colour. It can be applied on the most sensitive skin, even when other dyes have caused rash, eruption of the skin, or blood poisoning.

"Remido" has been analysed and reported safe by the medical faculty of England.

At this moment, above all others, you are looking for something that is exceptionally SAFE, PERMANENT and NATURAL in colour.

"REMIDO" is exactly what you are looking for. Why not try it?

Price 3/6, post 4d., in all colours.

Sold by Hairdressers, Chemists and Stores.

If any difficulty in obtaining it write direct to—

TARLITA,

10, Gee's Court, Oxford Street, London, W.1.

Phone: Mayfair 6783. Telegrams: "Tarlita, London."

PURE SILK MILANESE UNDERWEAR

Pure Silk Milanese Vest and Knickers thoroughly well-made from excellent quality materials that can be strongly recommended for really good wear. Vest with hemstitched band perfect fitting, full length, medium size. In White, Pink, Sky, Yellow, Mauve and Black.

VEST: Special Price

15/9

KNICKERS:

To match, new wide shape

18/9



NEW SPORTS HALL

The Audley Tennis Racket. Manufactured from finest materials and strung English Gut on double centre main principle, fully guaranteed. Price 42/6. Other Rackets by leading makers in stock from 14/6 each.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.



Estab. 35 Years. Highest Awards 12 Gold Medals.

HARRY HALL

"THE" GOLD MEDAL

Coat, Breeches, Habit and Costume Specialist.
Only Maker of "HALLZONE" Ideal Gold Medal

42/- RIDING BREECHES
Best Value, Fit & Style Breeches obtainable.

OVERCOATS
for SPRING from £5 5 0

Exclusive Materials
Distinctive Styles

LOUNGE SUITS
from ... £6 6 0

PLUS 4 SUITS
from ... £5 5 0

DRESS SUITS
from ... £8 8 0

PATTERNS POST FREE

LADIES' SALON

207, OXFORD STREET, W.1.

RIDE ASTRIDE HABITS

from ... 10 Gns.

SIDE SADDLE from 12 Gns.

COSTUMES fr. 6 Gns.

VISITORS TO LONDON

can ORDER & FIT

SAME DAY or leave

RECORD MEASURES

AMERICANS & COLONIALS

SPECIALLY CATERED for

PERFECT FIT

GUARANTEED

from OUR SIMPLE

SELF-MEASURE-

MENT FORM.

207, OXFORD STREET, W.1 & 149, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.2.



DINARD, BRITTANY

THE ALL-THE-YEAR-
ROUND RESORT.

8 hours from Southampton.

18-hole Golf.

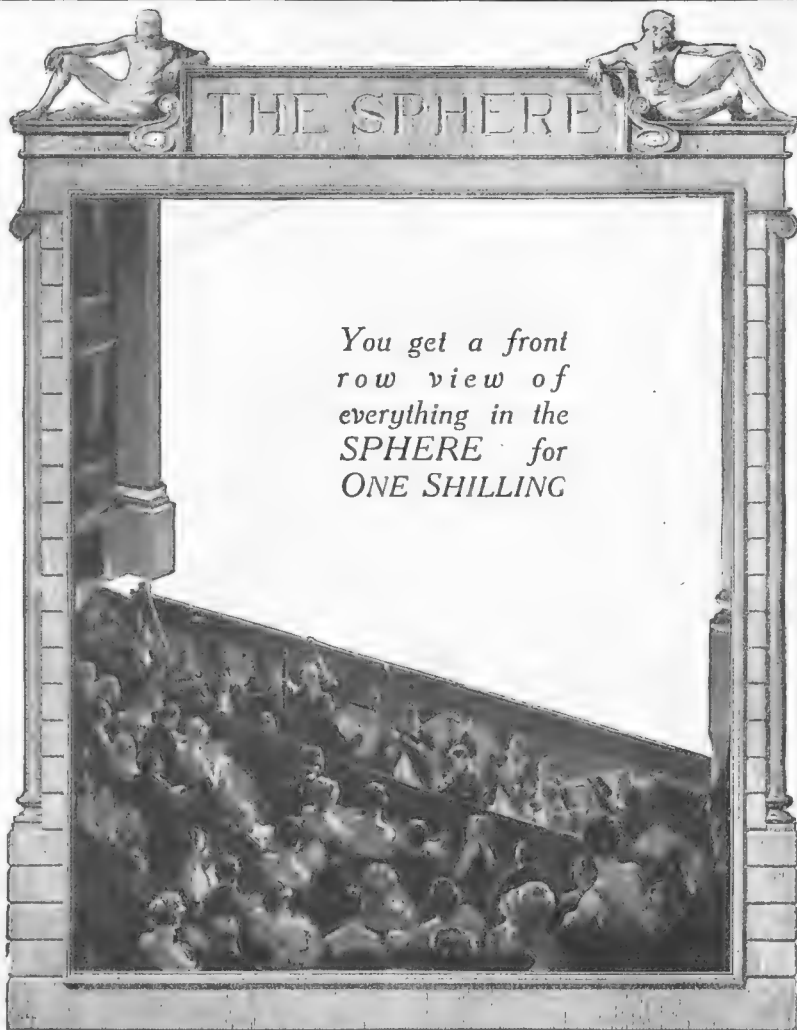
The most equable climate.

The most reasonable terms.

Apply for season terms

(July—Sept.).

CRYSTAL HOTEL, 1st cl. incl. from 35 fr. (about 6/-)
MICHELET HOTEL, incl. from 25 to 35 fr. (about 5/-)



You get a front
row view of
everything in the
SPHERE for
ONE SHILLING

SEE THE SPHERE

EVERY WEEK

for new and exclusive
PICTURES of the

GILBERT & SULLIVAN

OPERAS

The Issues of March 22 & 29,
illustrate "THE GONDOLIERS."



ORDER THE SPHERE AT ONCE TO
AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

FASHIONABLE PRINTED COTTON CRÊPE MAROCAIN SHIRT JUMPERS



Perfectly cut and tailored, and made by our own workers from reliable quality printed cotton crêpe marocain. A very attractive and becoming garment.

SMART SHIRT JUMPERS in reliable quality printed cotton crêpe marocain in a variety of artistic designs, well tailored collar with coloured border, finished narrow black ribbon bow and pockets at waist. On white grounds with Oriental colourings.

PRICE

18/9

Sent on approval.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1

Catalogue post free.

Salon for Inexpensive GOWNS

A more beautiful, more varied collection of styles than that to be seen in Harrods Salon for inexpensive gowns would be difficult to find.

Reproduced in these modes, at surprisingly moderate prices, are the most fashionable effects in design, line and materials.

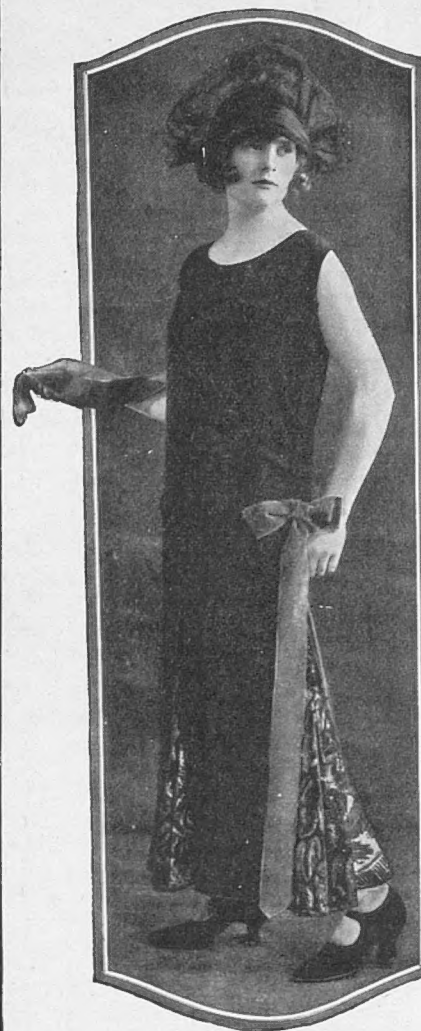
This modish Gown, cut on the new straight lines, finds its expression in Silk Marocain. It is cleverly designed with lace flares, the bow and end of ribbon on left hip and back of right shoulder forming a distinctive finish. This gown is available in Grey, Beige, Copper, Navy or Black - 6½ Gns

Ask to see the 'Lovelace'

HARRODS

HARRODS LTD

LONDON SW7



Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge DISTINCTIVE LADIES' HOSE



Super Quality Lisle Hose, with spun silk check and vertical stripe, in contrasting colour. These are extremely smart and durable, being equally suitable for morning wear in town or country, full fashioned reinforced feet and wide garter tops, in nigger/putty, covert/brown, beige/putty, camel/tan, castor/putty, mole/grey, grey champagne, black/white. 12/9

Per pair

Heavy Pure Silk Hose, lisle feet and garter tops, reliable English make in Black, White, Cream, Champagne, Coating, Fawn, Putty, Beige, Nude, Camel, Silver, Pearl, French Grey, Tabac, or Brown. 9/11

Price, per pair

Sea Island Cotton Hose, open lace clox, fine and extremely comfortable in wear. In Black, White, Stone, Nude, Camel, Dark Camel, or Grey. 3/11

Price, per pair

Marl Mixture Hose, in mercerised lisle and artificial silk, full-fashioned spliced feet, effective and good wearing. In Black/White, Coating/White, Nigger/White, Grey/White, and Putty/White. 6/11

Price, per pair

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., Knightsbridge, London, S.W.1.

DAINTY AND BECOMING CREPE-DE-CHINE NIGHTGOWN

DAINTY NIGHTGOWN (as sketch), in good quality crêpe-de-Chine, copy of French model. Square neck and Kimono sleeves, daintily trimmed with hemstitching, and hand-embroidered spots. In Sky, Ivory, Peach, Pink, Mauve, Lemon and Black.

Price 29/6

USEFUL BOUDOIR CAP in various colourings, composed of crêpe-de-Chine, fine ecru lace, finished ribbon rosettes.

Price 15/9



Suède Coronet
in beautiful
colourings.
37/6

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W.1

Sent on approval.



THE WAY ROUND PARIS.

A Choice of "Varieties."

You probably want to know what theatres to go to when you come over to Paris for Easter—for of course you are coming over to Paris for Easter. If you do not think of the matter beforehand, you will find yourself in the end just dropping into the Folies-Bergère, because nothing better occurs to you—and that would be a pity, because the Folies-Bergère is much more international than French. If your knowledge of the language is not extensive, you may naturally prefer to see something in the nature of a variety entertainment, where there are lots of pretty girls and plenty of music and dancing. But the Folies-Bergère is not the only one. There is the Casino de Paris, with Saint-Granier and Dorville for comedians, and Jane Marnac to lead the bevy of beauty—you will notice, by the way, that it is now as much the fashion to spell Jeanne as Jane as it is to spell Henri as Henry. Then there is the Palace, with lots of beauty, too, even though Harry Pilcer is no longer there. There is also the Empire, which has just opened in the Avenue Wagram, not far from the Etoile, and is another expression of the westward move of Paris theatres. It is very bright and comfortable, and you will see Maurice Chevalier, as well as some good music-hall numbers, including clowns, acrobats, and performing horses. Finally, there is the good old Alhambra, which does not even pretend to be French, but gives you a good show of variety under British management.

Don't Miss Maud Loty.

If you care to venture something really more Parisian, you will follow the advice I have given you before, and go and

see Maud Loty at the Capucines. You will be entertained by her personality, even if you don't understand a word of the little creature's Paris argot. "En Chemyse"—note the archaic spelling—is the musical comedy about the Burghers of Calais about which I told you something in anticipation before it was produced at the Bouffes-Parisiens. The plot turns on the assumption that the reason for these municipal gentlemen being discovered wandering about in their night-shirts is quite different from the one related by history. The idea has comic possibilities; but the play is not as amusing as "Phi-Phi" or "Dédé." You may prefer to go and see "Madame," which is still pursuing its successful career at the very fashionable and central little Daunou Theatre.

How to Get Over the Language Difficulty.

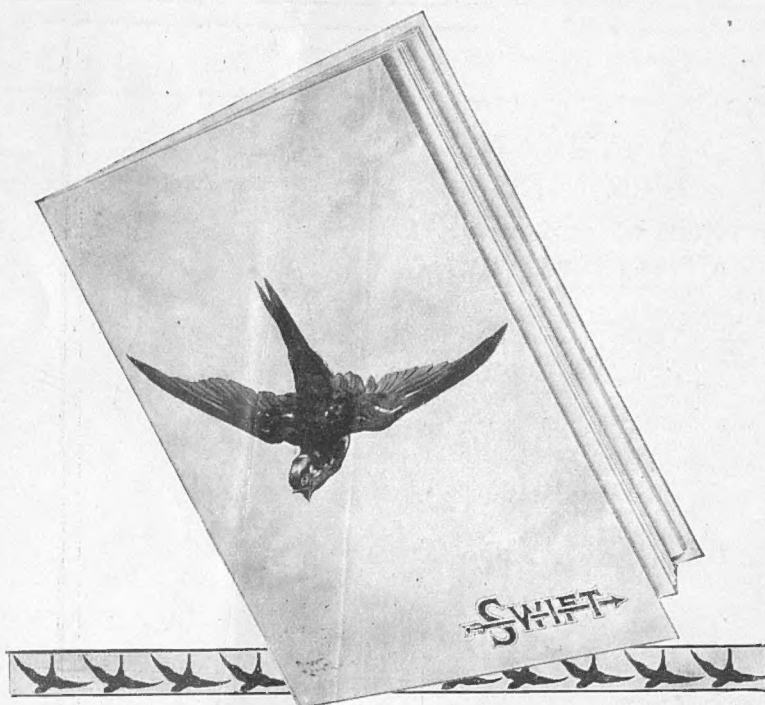
One way of getting over the language difficulty is to go and see "Romance" in French. You will recognise the play quite easily. Great pains have, indeed, been taken to make it more English than ever, and the French public is delighted to persuade itself that English parsons are all like that. It had always been firmly persuaded that, like all Englishmen, they were hypocrites; but they enjoy seeing one of them fall in love with an actress. You may also get over the language difficulty by seeing a play that you may have seen already in Paris some years ago, before you were married—that time you came with father. Some of the best things in Paris just now are revivals; and if you have not seen the play, you can easily buy the book and read it, if you care to take the trouble. There is Flers and Caillavet's "Bois Sacré," which is revived at the Variétés, with Jeanne Granier—she

does not belong to the Jane period—as the only member of its original star cast who once more appears in the play. What a cast it was—Guy and Brasseur, and Max Dearly and Lavallière! At the Gymnase there is the revival of "L'Âne de Buridan," another play by the same brilliant authors. If you want farce, you will find the Palais Royal ready to shock you in its traditional manner, and a very neat manner, too, with nothing vulgar about it. At the Comédie Caumartin there is Signoret, who is a host in himself, and exceedingly funny; at the Marigny there is Max Dearly—also a host—playing in another revival; and at the Comédie des Champs Elysées there is "Knock," by Jules Romains, which is described as a comedy, but whose extravagant ridicule of the medical profession is much more in the nature of farce. It does not need any complete comprehension of the language to appreciate the humour of this.

The Guitrys.

Then there is always Sacha Guitry. He is playing—of course, with Yvonne Printemps—in a revival of one of his earliest successes, "Le Veilleur de Nuit"; and there is Lucien Guitry, who gives lovers of fine acting and effective dramatic situations all they want in "Après l'Amour," the new play by Pierre Wolff and Henri Duvernois, at the Vaudeville. It is a complicated story about a boy who is the husband's child and not the wife's, and another boy who is the wife's child and not the husband's; and the wife brings up her husband's boy, thinking it is hers; and later she is forced to consent to receive her own boy, thinking it is her husband's. If it is a wise child who knows his own father, this play shows that it is also a wise mother that knows her own baby.

BOULEVARDIER.



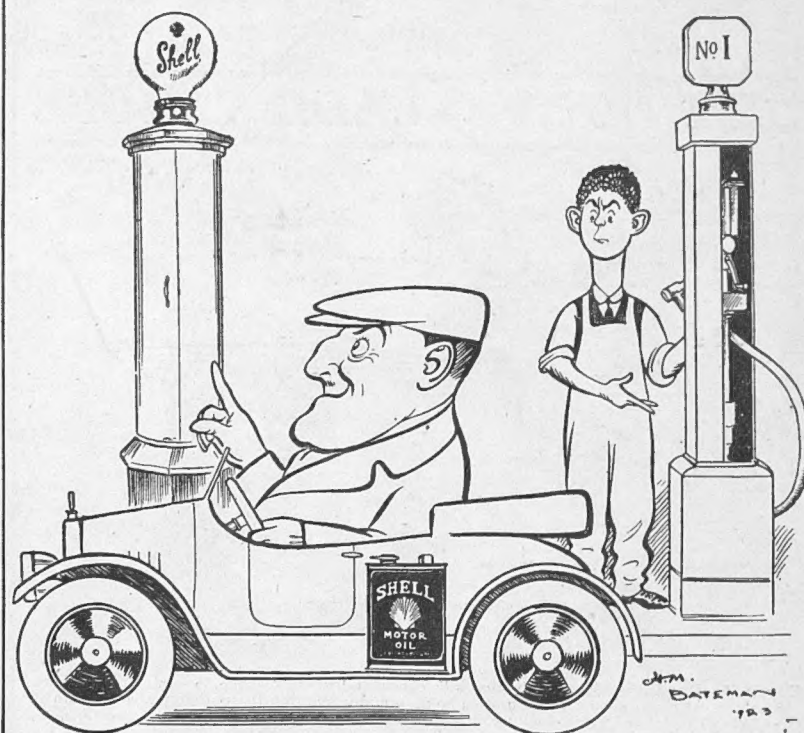
Every prospective car owner—should have this catalogue

THE artistically produced Swift catalogue describes and illustrates the full range of Swift cars for 1924. Since the beginning of motoring the name of Swift has become synonymous with trustworthiness, comfort, and the greatest value.

A copy will be gladly sent you free on request
Manufacturers:

SWIFT of COVENTRY Ltd.
COVENTRY.

SHOWROOMS & SERVICE DEPOTS:
132-135, Long Acre, London, W.C.2
15-17, South King Street, Dublin
And at Glasgow, Birmingham, & Manchester.



DETERMINATION

SHELL MEX. LTD.
SHELL CORNER, KINGSWAY, W.C.2



CAR-PROUD

A "STANDARD" Owner is naturally proud of his car—as is his wife of her house. He rejoices in its appearance; revels in its excellences; loves to keep it in tune; and drives it with deep pleasure.

There is no car so easy to keep up to pitch. It is so responsive in its work; so complete in detail. It looks—and is—so good. Yet its price and its running costs are small. You will enjoy a Trial Run.

The All British Standard Light Cars: 11 h.p. & 14 h.p.

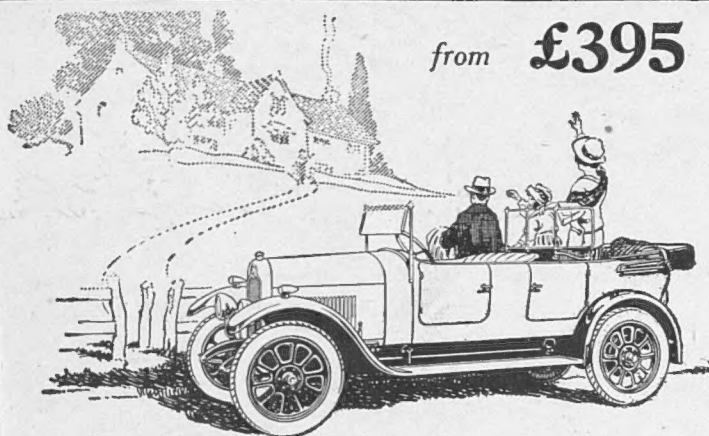
£235 & £375

Saloons, from £450.

Dunlop Tyres.

The Standard Motor Co. Ltd., Coventry.
London Showrooms: 49, Pall Mall, S.W.1.

"COUNT THEM ON THE ROAD"



from £395

14 h.p. from £395

THE 14 h.p. Crossley is not a light car masquerading as a medium-powered car; it is a full-size family car which will carry four or five passengers with their luggage anywhere a car can go. It should be noted that the R.A.C. rating of the engine is 15.6 h.p.

And yet the price is no more than that of many small light cars which are unable to give one quarter of the comfort and service every owner of a 14 h.p. Crossley is daily receiving. Standard Touring Car, £395. De Luxe Tourer, £430. Saloon (4 doors) £560.

Crossley

Catalogues from
CROSSLEY MOTORS, Ltd., GORTON, MANCHESTER.
London Showrooms and Export Dept.: 40-41, Conduit St., W.1

THE URBITOR BURBERRY

All-Wool, Self-Ventilating Weatherproof

URBITOR COATINGS

Two textures—Spring and Winter—both light, very strong, refined and tasteful.

Urbitor Coatings are the direct development of the old West of England Covert Coatings and they carry all the wonderful qualities of that manufacture, upon which it seems impossible to improve; so perfect is their construction, and consequently so enduring their wear.

Science has, however, provided the means of rendering them perfectly weatherproof, as well as multiplying the number of patterns with new and beautiful colours.

As a refined Overcoat for protection against all weathers it is hard indeed to improve upon the

URBITOR BURBERRY

Catalogue and Patterns of Urbitor Coatings Free on Request.

BURBERRYS HAYMARKET S.W.1 LONDON
Boul. Malesherbes PARIS; and Provincial Agents

Burberrys Ltd.



Burberry's Copyright

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"WHAT I can't understand is why these insurance companies have done so well. The 1923 figures that have been published so far are first-rate in nearly every case. And yet markets—"

"The whole secret lies in the good management. Speaking from experience"—he is an agent himself—"the companies are admirably directed, whether they be joint-stock concerns or mutual offices."

"But they get more and more business every year, and one would have supposed that the whole population is insured by this time."

"Not a bit of it." The reply was prompt and decided. "There are thousands of people who haven't even got a policy—"

"You mean at Westminster?"

"Amongst many other places, yes. Well, what with those folks, and the already insured—inadequately—you will find an enormous range of potential customers."

"Insurance is like soap, or intimate clothing. Give it enough publicity, and you thereby create such an atmosphere as compels your public to think in terms of the advertisers whose names are always in the eye of your sub-conscious brain."

"Mine hasn't got one—an eye I mean; though it goes without saying, and whenever—"

Our Stroller had had enough of this, so he dropped into Slater's and picked up the *carte du jour*.

"Oh, where the 'ellis Ellis?" exclaimed an impatient House man, sitting opposite. "Look here, Ellis"—as one of the smartest

waiters, bustled up—"I want—er—let's see—"

Our Stroller handed him the programme, and the impatient luncher, having ordered, said:

"I've been having a lively discussion with a man as to which is the better stock, Japanese Sixes or Austrian Sixes? The prices are fairly close; but you have to take redemption into account."

"The security is the main thing, after all," commented Our Stroller, breaking a roll with both hands.

"As to that, I should say there isn't a great deal to choose between them. Guarantee Japan against earthquakes and floods, and I would prefer the Jap Sixes."

"Both good second-class investments, I should describe them," said a broker at the same table. "Yes, please; the black."

His friend passed the pepper. "I'd rather have either of them than Tata Debentures," he remarked. "Why not come nearer home; the 5 per cent. Preferred stocks of the Southern and the Berwick Railways?"

"Tainted with Labour troubles."

"Sound stocks, all the same: good enough for anyone who is looking for six per cent. and a probable rise in price."

"When?" inquired Our Stroller.

"Sorry I can't tell you the hour or the minute, Sir, or I would, and with pleasure."

"Well," retorted Our Stroller, a trifle nettled at the tone, "I was asking because I have made a list of rubbish shares that cry to be cleared out—"

"We've all got records like that," nodded the broker. "Such old friends, most of them, and bought at such high prices, that we haven't the heart to do the

proper thing and shoot out the whole bag of tricks."

"Putting the money into Shells as a good speculative investment; Keeley's as a speculation; or East Pools as a gamble."

"Not at all a bad trio," acquiesced his friend.

"Why not Marconis?" asked Our Stroller. "Or Brazilian Warrants?"

"I'm with you on both heads. Only my own private store of rubbish—there are fifteen duds in my collection—wouldn't allow me to run to all the lot."

"Else you might—"

"No, no; not French Fives, if that's what you are going to say."

"As a matter of fact, I was not. I love most gambles, but French bonds are too emotional even for my highly strung constitution. They may be all right for ladies: for me, something less exciting, if you please."

"Think France will come right again?"

The other man made a gesture expressive of complete bewilderment. "Who can tell?" he asked. "A strong Government and a taxable population would pull her through her financial troubles, and we all hope for the best."

"Some folks are buying French Industrials. Have you got any of those?"

"I'm not such a fool"—and the impatient one got up. "Bill, please, Ellis. By the way"—he turned to the other broker—"lend me a fiver, do you mind?"

"Not a bit. I will when I come back from Brighton."

"Thanks, old man. And when will you be coming back from Brighton?"

"I'm not going to Brighton. Bye-bye, old chap."

Friday, March 14, 1924.

MOSS BROS & CO LTD

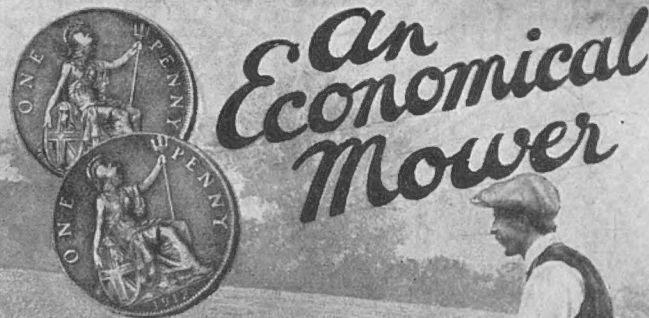
The Famous Outfitters
of

COVENT-GARDEN
Corner of KING ST.
and Bedford Street

have
NO
BRANCH
ESTABLISHMENTS



Telephone: Wires:
Gerrard 3750 (3 lines) "Parsee, Kand, London."



An Economical Mower

FREE DEMONSTRATION
Send P.C. for demonstration
on your own grass free of
cost or obligation. Ask for
descriptive Catalogue "Turf
Needs."

The **ATCO**
MOTOR MOWER

CHAS. H. PUGH, LTD., Whitworth Works, 65, Tilton Rd., Birmingham.

Those two pennies represent the cost of fuel required to mow over 1,000 sq. yards of turf with a 22" model of the ATCO Motor Mower.

And this is only one reason why you should use this simple British-made Mower which embodies more patented efficiency than any other Mower in the World.

Ask for Testimonial Booklet "Notes of Praise."